

The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

OCTOBER
1929

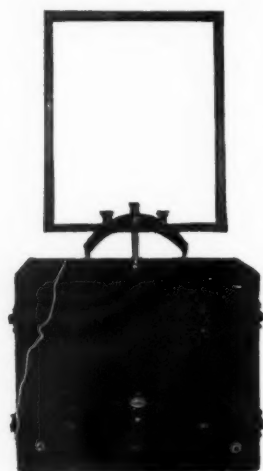


In
this
issue—

Kenneth Payson Kempton—Edith Bishop Sherman
Margaret Norris—E. J. Craine—Hazel Rawson Cades



Do You Want a Motion Picture Camera —or a Portable Radio?



IF SO, enter the new AMERICAN GIRL subscription contest. It begins right now and closes at midnight, January thirty-first. The reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL who sends in the largest number of subscriptions will receive a Ciné Kodak moving picture camera, projector and screen. The one sending the second largest number will be given a portable radio. And there is a third prize, too, a leather traveling bag.

Get into the race! Your mothers and fathers and your sisters and your cousins and your aunts, to say nothing of your brothers, will be glad to help you, for they can enjoy the camera or radio, too. Any reader of the magazine is eligible to compete. Start now asking your friends to subscribe. And, when the prize-winners are announced, you may be among them.

There are just a few simple rules to follow and a few helpful hints. Read them carefully and—good luck to you!

Remember that:

The name of the subscriber must be correctly spelled and that the address must be correct.

All names must be neatly printed so that there will be no errors made in sending the magazines.

All the information on the sample subscription blank is sent in with your subscriptions.

The subscription prices are \$1.50 for one year and \$2.00 for two years. Foreign postage \$.50 extra for each year. Canadian postage \$.25 extra for each year.

Money is often lost in the mails so it is safer to send a check or money order.

RULES FOR CONTEST:

1. All names and addresses must be neatly printed.
2. Mail subscriptions as soon as you get them.
3. Subscriptions must be accompanied with full subscription price.
4. Subscriptions may be for one or two years. Two year subscriptions count the same as one year subscriptions.
5. All subscriptions must be signed with your name with the word "contestant" next to it. (A sample of the way your subscription blank should look is printed on this page.)
6. Any AMERICAN GIRL reader is eligible.
7. The contest opens October first and closes January thirty-first at midnight. All subscriptions must be in the post office by midnight of January thirty-first to be counted. This will give those living farthest away the same length of time as those living nearby.
8. In case of a tie, the prize offered will be given to each tying contestant.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

670 Lexington Avenue, New York City

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Along the Editor's Trail

SQUARE pegs sometimes shift about in round holes from the noblest of motives. "Never give up," says the girl who has found that she's a misfit on the hockey team, and she doggedly remains—as long as the coach will let her—when she might have been of real use at basketball.

I knew a woman once whose life was most unhappy because she persisted in clinging to a job for which she wasn't in the least fitted. "I've chosen this thing for a career," she said, "and I'm going to see it through." Of course, with such will power and determination as that, no one could be a failure at anything, but if the same energy had been applied to another line of work in which the woman had definite talent and interest, she would have become a top-notch instead of a mediocrity.

There is no doubt that success in most things comes by "hewing to the line." But be sure, first, that it is your line. If you have an overwhelming desire to do a certain thing for the sake of the thing itself—write or teach or be class president or swim

on the team—you will probably find that you can do it fairly well and like it. But if you decide to be an author because—"Oh, well, it's nice to see my name in print," or a class officer because of the prestige it will give you, or a teacher because you think it will be an easy way to earn a living, you will very likely be bored and inefficient.

A young friend of mine spent two years of her boarding-school life trying out for the school paper, to the exclusion of everything else, because reporting sounded so fascinating to her, and then discovered in her third year, quite by accident, that she was a wizard at costuming and setting plays.

Yes, when you find that you are a square peg, the best thing to do is to look around for a square hole. It will mean, perhaps, destroying a picture in your mind of yourself as what you expected to be—a picture of *you* being cheered by the whole school for winning a race, or of *you* bowing to an admiring audience—but perhaps the next picture will be better because it will be real.

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MARGARET MOCHRIE, *Editor*
PAULINE STEINBERG, *Assistant Editor*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Subscription price: \$1.50 for one year; \$2.00 for two years

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Powers & Stone, Inc., First National Bank Building, Chicago, Illinois; Harry E. Hyde, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Hallet E. Cole, 122 East Seventh Street, Los Angeles, California

VOLUME XII

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

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NUMBER 10



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**Winners of the
Camera Contest**

THE AMERICAN GIRL summer camera contest ended on August thirty-first. Girls from all over the country sent in pictures of camp activities and landscapes. Mr. Norman Tanner, who judged the contest, says that he found many photographs which will add greatly to next summer's picture pages.

After much indecision, Mr. Tanner decided that Rosemary Fetsch, of Troop Nine, Columbus, Ohio, deserved the first prize of a camera. Rosemary's picture of girls sawing a log was well posed and showed action. The second prize, Wallace Nutting's book, goes to Edith L. Collins, of West Springfield, Massachusetts, for her lovely lakeside scene. And the third prize winner is Rachel Gatch, of Troop Twenty-three, Baltimore, Maryland, who contributed an exquisitely clear photograph of a Hollywood stage setting designed for *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Honorable mention was given to Mary Alice Lahey, of Troop Thirteen, Wichita, Kansas; Marjorie Mitchell, of Troop Twenty-five, West Allis, Wisconsin, and Z. S. Morton, of St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Tanner's first comment on the contest photographs was "I wish the pictures showed more action." Although landscape photographs are very lovely, the readers of most magazines much prefer to see people actually doing something. Also, he believes that it is more difficult to get a good action picture where the figures do not look too obviously posed, than it is to get a good landscape photograph. That is one reason why he gave Rosemary Fetsch's photograph first prize.

He regretted, too, that a number of photographs which were really interesting are not reproduceable because of bad photography. There are blurs on the figures, and the details do not stand out clearly. This is a pity for, with a little more care, these photographs might have been prize winners and might have been given important places among pictures printed in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* next summer.

However, many of the entries in the contest showed care in selection of subject matter and in the mechanics of photography, and we hope that all our readers who sent us pictures will keep us in mind when they use their cameras again. We still need more good photographs for the magazine, and although the contest is over, those of you who send in pictures now, will probably meet them in the magazine next year.

IN SCRANTON

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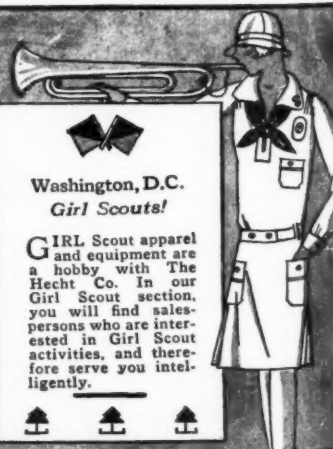
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FIRST it was the MAN O’WAR Middy. That became famous everywhere for its smart style and trim fit. Now you can have the same quality and style in a complete “MAN O’WARDROBE” for school and gym. MAN O’WAR designers have been busy for months, but all the words in the dictionary couldn’t adequately convey to you the dash and originality they have put into these new garments. The picture gives you some idea. The garments themselves tell the real story. See them. If your favorite store hasn’t stocked them yet, we will be glad to supply you direct. The coupon is for your order. Descriptions follow.

A Dancing and gym romper, sizes 6 to 16, checks, fancy prints, green, blue, tan broadcloth. \$2.00.

B White jean middy, sloped sides, long or short sleeves, sizes 6 to 22. \$1.00 and \$1.50. Black sateen knicker-bloomer, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

C One piece poplin gym suit, black, navy, brown, green, sizes 10 to 22. \$5.00. Also in all wool serge, \$8.50. Cotton pongee shirt, tan or white, short sleeves. \$2.00.

D Exercise or dancing suit, one piece copen with white trim, also black sateen, sizes 6 to 18, \$2.00.

E White super-jean middy, sloped sides, long or short sleeves, sizes 6 to 22. \$1.50. All wool navy or black serge pleated bloomer, \$3.00.

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What the Girl Scout Leader Will Wear to the Convention at New Orleans

FIRST, the Leader's uniform—a tailored one piece dress of gray-green all-wool twill. It has been carefully designed and made to meet the various needs of Girl Scout Leaders. A deep pleat in front and side pleats, give plenty of fullness for walking, while preserving trim lines; the little piqué collar relieves the severity of the neck, and the flat pockets with buttoned flaps are handy and give a suggestion of jauntiness. The smartness, good lines, attractive color, and all around usefulness of the uniform are the joy of Girl Scout Leaders.

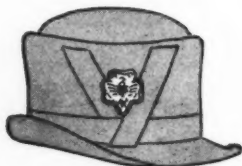
It will be ideal for traveling, and of course everybody will wear the uniform at the Convention . . . sizes 32 to 42 . . . \$25.00.



The belt can add so much to the uniform. For the Convention, you will want the officer's sport belt, narrow, of dark green cow-hide, with a plain gun-metal buckle. Sizes 28 to 38 . . . \$1.00—40 to 46 . . . \$1.25.

With the uniform is worn the officer's felt hat, in the dark green shade that matches the top coat and leather belt. The brim rolls slightly and can be adjusted individually. The full crown is banded by the felt, and crossed with a V at the side where the Girl Scout insignia is worn. Sizes are 6½, 6¾, 7, 7¼, 7½, 7¾, 8. The light weight felt, with the insignia is \$3.00—a rich fine quality felt, with insignia is \$4.75.

And to complete your uniform—an officer's top coat. Dark green Chevy Chase cloth, hand-tailored, smartly practical and good looking for general wear. The collar may be worn open or buttoned protectingly around the neck, the raglan sleeves give a well set shoulder. It is just the weight of the between-seasons coat you will need on your journey.—Sizes 32 to 42 . . . \$14.25.



NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT
GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
670 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Don't forget to enter the new "American Girl" subscription contest—



A NUMBER of our AMERICAN GIRL readers have risen to second the motion made by Edith Swendloff of Buffalo, New York, that THE AMERICAN GIRL should be fatter. One of them is Dixie Lou Lyons of Lexington, Kentucky, who writes: "For quite a while I have been wishing that THE AMERICAN GIRL was thicker, and how nice it would be if it could have colored illustrations."

BESIDES asking why THE AMERICAN GIRL can't be a little thicker, Margaret Deal of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, says: "I think it would be a good idea to have a mystery story and a dog story in each issue. Everyone likes them. I like the puzzle and *Laugh and Grow Scout* pages very much. I hope you will keep them."

MARIAN THOMAS of Auburn, Indiana, agrees that the magazine should be larger because—"I just about eat up the pages—I read them so eagerly. I read some of *Carmella Commands* to my folks and they sure had a good laugh out of it. I am not a Girl Scout, but I would like to be one. There are some here, but none of them are as young as I am. I like the made-to-order stories very much. The pages on cooking and sewing are also interesting."

CLUES to a thicker magazine are given in letters from two readers. "No one seems to have mentioned THE AMERICAN GIRL advertisements," writes Marie Louise Bell of New Orleans, Louisiana, "so I'm going to. I think they're the best ever! They're about things that interest girls, especially Girl Scouts, and they're written so that they don't go over the head of even the youngest reader."

WE ARE also proud of the letter from Charlotte Tyus of Griffin, Georgia, written in the same vein. "I would like to mention the interest I find in the advertisements. I notice that they are seldom dull, and very often, in reading them, one discovers something that can be of real benefit." (When we get more subscriptions, we will have more advertising, and that will mean more good stories and articles—a thicker magazine. Marie Louise and Charlotte are both on the right track).

A GROUP of dissenters has risen up against Dinah Fry who said that though she liked the stories, the articles bored her. Marguerite Sommer, Roslin-

Well, of All Things!

dale, Massachusetts, writes: "My opinion differs from Miss Fry's. I also like your stories very much, but I like your articles, too. I do not see how one could be bored by them. The articles I prefer are *I Am a Girl Who*—and *How To Be Charming*. I really do think they help to improve a girl. My mother enjoys reading them as much as I do. She thinks THE AMERICAN GIRL a wonderful magazine for girls."

MARY MILLER of Elizabeth, New Jersey, says that she disagrees with Dinah Fry and adds, "For the past four years I have received the magazine, and what could be more interesting than the articles on aviation, cooking, dressmaking, carpentry, and the most interesting articles by Miss Helen Wills? I have enjoyed most the articles by Hazel Rawson Cades. There has been such a variety of articles that I can't understand why any girl could not enjoy at least some of them. I hope that it is perfectly all right to have written this, but I do enjoy the articles." (Indeed, it is perfectly all right.)

JEAN THISTLE of Fresno, California, writes us she likes THE AMERICAN GIRL and adds, "Through reading it, some of my friends and I were prompted to start a Girl Scout troop in our community. And such fun as we are having—planning hikes and swimming parties and all sorts of pleasant times, thanks to certain articles in THE AMERICAN GIRL!"

ONE of the large number of girls who wrote that she liked *The Revolt of the Lorrimers* is Mary Shannon of Seattle, Washington. She goes on to say, "I appreciated *Skirts* because I would like to wear pants all the time,

too. I offer my humble opinion of *Carmella*. She herself is interesting, alive and typical, but the story is a little too drawn out. The best story that I ever read in your magazine is the Roman story by Caroline Dale Snedeker.

"I would love to have you publish an article telling how to make a simple article of furniture, like a footstool or small table."

JUNE OVENBURG of Hamburg, New York, writes: "I especially like the articles on how to make things, such as those we have had about dresses and pajamas. I think those articles help to make the magazine a real one for girls. The articles by Hazel Rawson Cades are very helpful and instructive. But best of all are those charming stories of girls. THE AMERICAN GIRL has been my most constant companion for a long time."

ANOTHER girl whose admiration for THE AMERICAN GIRL takes a useful turn is Mary Lee Sperry of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, who writes: "The other day I told a friend about THE AMERICAN GIRL. She had never heard of it before, but now she plans to send in her money some time this month and start getting it. We have been reading for the last two days, stories from all the 1929 numbers." They especially enjoyed the Edward Poucher covers, *Carmella Commands*, *Mary Ellen* and *Along the Editor's Trail*.

HOW THE AMERICAN GIRL made one of the readers a social success with the youngsters is told by Catherine Garbrick of Bedford, Pennsylvania, who writes: "Several days ago I went to the home of one of my friends. While I was waiting for her, several nieces and nephews of hers came and climbed all over me and demanded a story. For a minute I was dumbfounded, but then I told them the story of *Jo Ann and the Jupe* and they were delighted. Every time I see those children they want another one. The next time I will tell them *Jo Ann and the Jokes*."

WE think that *Sorrel Does His Stunt*, in this month's issue, meets in part the request of Rebekah Mae Atkinson of Stoughton, Wisconsin, who writes: "Give us a serial story of a girl who lives on a ranch and loves horses and roundups. That's the kind of story I like and I'm sure others do, too. I love outdoor life and simply dote on horses and ponies."

You may win the movie camera described on the inside front cover



From a painting by Ettore Ciseri, courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries

Autumn

By EMILY DICKINSON

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

From "Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson," Little, Brown and Company

THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Margaret Mochrie, Editor

October, 1929



The "Malacca Queen" entered the roadstead of Brest, a sight to make the inhabitants of that ancient, terraced town rub their eyes in wonder

Breath of the Sea

SALLY QUORN was By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

Illustrations by Frank Schoonover

Sally Quorn was crossing the harbor on the ferry. A light easterly wind, wafting inland across Bird Island flats, met her halfway. Sally Quorn sniffed once, her tip-tilted nose almost twitching like a rabbit's. She shut her tired eyes and rose up on her toes to quaff a stinging lungful of that ocean fragrance.

The train had been hot and gritty, for though October was half gone, a blazing Indian summer baked New England with the ardor of June. Sally Quorn had little money—two dollars and forty-seven cents. Her memories were not happy, the heavy sweetness of many flowers and a great aching silence figuring largely therein.

But when that salt wind flushed through her, the old life was flushed clean away. She was Marco, the Venetian, she was Magellan, she was Eric the Red, she was Richard Evelyn Byrd. She was her father's daughter. Sea-horns rang in her ears; she heard the drenched thunder of surf on an undiscovered shore. Tired, poor, homeless, forsaken? Ho! Sally Quorn stood ready to whip her weight in—hurricanes.

The splay bow of the ferry was just now approaching its cupped slip. Words of a song flowed into Sally's head,

and to the amazement of her fellow-voyagers on the fore-deck of the squatty old *Governor Bradford*, she piped up loud and clear, her young voice carrying lightly over the churning water the old sea chantey that her father had taught her:

In the Black Ball Line I served my time
With a hoodah and a doodah!
In the Black Ball Line I served my time
Hoodah, hoodah day!

Behind a chain at the front of the wharf, the usual crowd waited to make the return trip. And from this mass of humanity, abruptly there boomed a great resonant voice, filling in the chorus where Sally, abashed, had stopped:

Blow, bo-oys, blow,
For Californi-o!
There's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
On the banks of Sacramento!

Instead of creating a riot, this impromptu antiphony went almost disregarded. People took it for some sort of advertising stunt. It was too hot to bother. The ferry

rubbed, gears rattled, chains clanked, the crowd milled. In a very few minutes the *Governor Bradford* was waddling out again, and Sally Quorn found herself standing beside her black suitcase, a lone figure on the wharf.

Not alone, though. A small blue suit, rather tight as to buttons, and a visored cap that, she had thought, belonged to one of the stevedores, now came rolling toward her. And ahead of these garments, like a vessel's warning in a narrow fairway, blew the same foghorn of a voice she had heard bellowing across the slip:

"Avast! You ain't Len Quorn's daughter!"

It was not a question, it was a challenge of fact. "I am so!" Sally Quorn retorted, and her laugh seemed to light up the gloomy old dock-shed. "Or—I was," she added soberly. "Is it—Captain Mather?"

The tight blue suit rolled alongside, the visored cap nodded vigorously. "Snum! Allus thought of you as a— a baby." Captain Mather had a nose as coppery red as devil's paint-brush; he rubbed it constantly with a stubby forefinger. His eyes were like crumbs of blue glass dipped in oil—sharp as a beagle's but moist about the corners. He peered at the girl, grinning eagerly. "Len leave me any message before he—?"

Sally Quorn caught her lip between her teeth. Her eyes were big and troubled. "He did," she admitted in a low voice, "but likely there's no sense to it, Captain Mather. He—he was out of his head just before—"

The little mariner brushed that away "Out with it!" he ordered, and his grin became triumphant, as if he expected a fat legacy from his old friend.

The girl thought a moment. Then she recited: "Tell Sebastian Mather I think the same as always. Rather than drive a ship with coal or oil, I'd go to farming again. Breath of the sea is the way for me. I told him so in '91, and I tell him so today."

These words had an astounding effect on their hearer. From a grinning little billiken Captain Mather became a volcano of wrath. "Stubborn old pirate!" he erupted, leaping into the air and rubbing his nose till it gleamed like a carbuncle. "Clamshell! Torn-out page of last year's almanac! I'll show him! I'll—"

Sally Quorn's eyes had filled with tears, her face had gone white as paper. "After all," she interrupted, "he's dead."

Captain Mather subsided with a grunt, his face a comic mixture of anger and sorrow. There was a short and awkward silence.

"I suppose," the girl continued in the same small voice, "I s-suppose you won't want me—now."

He shot a look at her from under lowering brows. She was amazingly easy to look at. Slim she was, and straight, and alive from her trim heels to the glory of her hair. Her big eyes were fixed somberly upon him, and she had set her lips to bear the blow of his answer.

"Rubbish!" he exploded. "When Len and me parted, we said whoever foundered first, the other'd take care of the family. 'Bastian Mather never broke his word yet, nor he won't start now." He reached for her bag. "Come on, we'll get aboard."

He stumped off, leaving Sally Quorn to follow him, somewhat bewildered, but rather relieved.

A day or two later the *Malacca Queen*, Captain Mather, cleared Boston for Brest and channel ports with a general cargo comprising almost everything you could think of in a hurry, from meats to matches and from figs to Fords. She was a fine able ship, not of large tonnage but stoutly

built and equipped with the very latest type of turbo-electric motors, capable of driving her across the ocean at an unfaltering fifteen knots. No engine-room signals were used in her, for her propulsion was controlled from her wheel-house as neatly as that of an automobile. A gyro-helm steered her by automatic machinery. Her radio transmitter had a range of halfway round the world. Her lighting system was the last word; she was electrically heated, electrically cooled. Brave in fresh paint, she was the apple of Sebastian Mather's rheumy eye.

Sally Quorn stood on the bridge as the lightship dropped astern, and watched that proud departure with absorbing interest. All she knew of navigation was what she had learned on a six-foot raft with a patched leg-of-mutton sail, built by herself and sailed dangerously on the mill pond at Conway Springs, Kansas, back home. Bare-legged, with a bandana round her head and a cap pistol thrust through her belt, many a voyage she had sailed in that galley-raft *Adventure*, her clear young voice lifted in the rollicking chanteys her father loved. Cunningly she had learned to skirt the dam without being sucked into its clutches, expertly she had devised ways and means for circumventing a sudden squall. The navigation she knew was risky, serious business. As Dad put it, you had to keep your eyes peeled.

But this! Why, it was lordly, it was lazy, it was even contemptuous. Once the tugs let go and the lines were in, there was nothing for the crew to do! This mighty ship drove herself, she steered herself, she measured her passage by a patent log streaming over her taffrail. There was arrogance in every line, every motion of her; in the hum of her turbines, in the tremendous smooth shove of her clean hulk through the water. She was a moving, unerring bridge over a three-thousand mile mill pond.

So Sally Quorn's eyes looked a trifle puzzled as she gazed out over that limitless sea. Where was the old thrill, the danger of her father's tales? The sea breeze whispered coolly at her cheek. Far below her, waves danced lightly past the ship's huge flank.

"What are the masts for?" timidly she asked Captain Mather.

"Cargo," he said briefly, and went on squinting through his sextant at the noon sun. "Derricks for loading cargo."

Sally Quorn stared thoughtfully at the four stubby masts, their booms neatly triced, cables taut. "Oh—" she mused. "And you never put sails on them? Just for the derricks?"

Captain Mather's sextant jerked convulsively, dropped from his grasp and was caught again before it hit the bridge deck.

"Sails!" he hissed ferociously, and she shrank before his withering scorn. "Snum! Like father, like son, eh?" He stared at her dourly. Suddenly his head went up, his mouth opened, and a great confident laugh clattered off down wind toward the faintly visible lightship.

"Sails! No. We—don't—need 'em!" With that parting shot he disappeared down the companion to the chart-room, sputtering.

Sally Quorn bit her lip. She resolved not to make that break again. A silly business, this bitter disagreement between the old shipmates. But along with it, adhered to as faithfully, went the mutual promise which, now, was all that stood between her and an unfriendly world. For herself, she preferred the thrilling risk of manual labor and sails to this precise mechanical voyaging. But

Song of the Pine

By MARY S. HAWLING

*Far away, where the hills are tall,
And a river runs cool and thin,
I thought I heard in the silent dusk,
The sob of a violin.*

*I sought the artist who played to me,
While the sound grew low, and died—
But all I saw was a dark-robed pine
Bend down by the river-side.*



Down to the forward well-deck she clambered, her clothes flattened against her by the gale; she struggled along hardily

she would keep her opinion to herself. She would thus be loyal to Dad's memory without annoyance to Uncle 'Bastian, who was a dear old soul in spite of his tantrums.

The decision comforted her. She smiled, shut her eyes, and rose lightly on her toes to draw in a great gust of the breath of the sea. Better than any old swampy mill pond! And to think it was to be—forever!

The *Malacca* was fast freight, as fast as many liners. The appointed time of her passage was ten days, and she was not in the habit of turning aside or delaying for anything short of pulling somebody else out of trouble. Nevertheless, when that first voyage of Sally Quorn's was five days old, suddenly the big turbines sang a lower tune. Then they stopped altogether, and the ship lay strangely quiet, rolling on the bosom of the gray Atlantic.

Captain Mather rang the chief engineer's bell sharply, and hurried below.

Something, obviously, was the matter. Sally Quorn never found out what it was, for those who knew didn't talk. It couldn't be anything important, she thought; clearly, nothing very serious could happen to this mountain of machinery. Her confidence was justified, for after an hour or two the big turbines hummed again, the ship's bow swung back on her course, and she swept grandly on toward France.

Captain Mather returned to the wheelhouse. He was sucking a toothpick. Sally Quorn thought he had a listening look, like a robin on a damp lawn. It got her listening, too. For a long time she heard nothing but the usual sounds of the vessel. Then her ears detected, midway in the thrum of the motors, a kind of grunt or thump—very light up here, but distinctly as if something, some heavy weight

of metal, were turning over in pain, groaning as it did so.

It came at a regular interval—she could count fifty chimpanzees between its comings; and at each new tremor, Uncle 'Bastian's shoulders twitched as if he were helping that weight roll over.

Queer. But she thought little of the matter. Very soon she had other things to think of.

Until the afternoon of that fifth day, the weather, as if in deference to the *Malacca Queen's* importance, had been monotonously fine. The sun had risen out of a clear horizon, warmed the decks with its brightness and sparkled on the sea, and sunk into the water astern with the calm glory of a perfect autumn. A light and steady southwesterly had no more than nudged her on her way.

Now there was a change. Imperceptibly a smoky pall crept over the sun, over the sky, leaving the world breathless and gray. While the chief and Captain Mather were at their tinkering in the engine room, you could almost have heard a pin drop on the deck of the *Malacca Queen*. The southerly wind had died. The surface of the sea was flat as a sheet of zinc. Yet, upon this flatness, the lifeless freighter had begun, curiously, to roll. Down—down, till the wheelhouse matting was like a barn roof; up again—then down the other way. As if a mighty fist, reaching stealthily up through those placid depths, had grasped her keel and rocked her to and fro, in wicked silence—

It was exciting. Sally Quorn's breath came short. It was like a last, impotent threat of a monster conquered by man's science. On her father's windjammer, now, Sally Quorn knew there would have been narrowed eyes, stamping of feet on deck shortening sail, keen looks skyward and

(Continued on page 30)

A Place on "The Herald"

*—that was the height of
Eloise's ambition at Har-
wood Hall—but Carlisle
persistently blocked her way*

"HOW about that new girl? Have you considered her?" Julie was businesslike. Carlisle shook her head decidedly. "I don't believe she'd do at all," she answered.

"Why not?" persisted Julie.

Fatty selected a marshmallow from the box on her lap. "Yes, why not, Carlisle?" she echoed. She looked inquiringly at Barbara and Renée, as she tapped the candy box. They shook their heads and Renée smilingly pointed to the hands of her wrist watch, which registered five o'clock.

Fatty shrugged good-naturedly. "Too near supper time?" she asked.

"Well—" Her hand hovered over the box and then replaced the lid. "And that's that," she added resignedly. "Excuse me, Carlisle, for interrupting the meeting of *The Herald's* editorial staff."

"You haven't told us yet why you won't consider Eloise Grayson for sports' editor," said Julie.

"Because I think Eloise is sort of snobbish," said Carlisle frankly. She looked at the others thoughtfully. "I wouldn't say that except to just you four," she added. "She's not the kind we want on *The Herald*."

"What makes you say that?" asked Barbara.

"Two or three incidents, including the fact that Eloise hasn't made any friends since her arrival over two weeks ago. She's just sort of stood around with an 'I-do-not-choose-to-speak' air."

"Maybe it's only because she's shy," suggested Renée.

"I don't think she is. For instance—well, this happened the other night at the teachers' reception to the new girls. Eloise was a little late in coming down and when she entered the drawing-room I saw Nanette Michon, that new girl who's lame, pat the chair beside her and look invitingly at Eloise. But did Eloise pay any attention to her? She did not! She absolutely ignored Nanette, although I know she saw her, and sailed up the room to a place beside Miss Luval. And she stayed there the entire evening."

"Perhaps she thought the principal of Harwood Hall was the only one who could appreciate her," giggled Julie.

Carlisle shook her head. "There have been several incidents like that," she said quietly. Silence drifted over the school garden where they were all lounging before going in to dress for dinner. Then Carlisle looked up impulsively. "Oh, why did Phyllis Haveron have to go home as she did!" she burst out. "She was a dandy person for sports' editor!"

"Why did her mother have to get sick and need her at home!" interrupted Barbara dryly, the smile in her dark eyes somewhat removing the edge to her words, however.



*In some mysterious fashion,
when war had come to*

"That's true," responded Carlisle. "I suppose I shouldn't have said that. But somehow lately I seem to have only the editorial viewpoint. Everything that happens is only important so far as it affects *The Harwood Herald*."

"That's natural," broke in Fatty comfortingly.

"The trouble is," said Julie slowly, "I think Miss Nancy, impressed by the fact that Eloise has had a real story accepted by a real magazine and has been paid for it, has given her the impression that she is to be offered the editorship."

"How do you know?" Carlisle's voice was quick and sharp.

"Eloise is in my English theme class," replied Julie. "She really can write, though, Carlisle."

"That counts, of course," said Carlisle shortly. "But just the same, I am not going to offer that sports' editorship on a silver platter to a girl like Eloise."

"Why not have a sort of competition, then?" suggested Barbara. "That would dispose of the matter in a fair way."



By
EDITH
BISHOP
SHERMAN

Illustrations by
Alfred Krakusin

Miss Nancy, the principal's sister, who was apt to be a bit impulsive at times, had apparently settled the matter when she had confided to Eloise, before the English theme class, that she was the person who should be offered the sports' editorship. So it was a double disappointment when Eloise discovered that the place was to be won in competition rather than by appointment. Her face was quite chagrined when Carlisle, meeting her one afternoon, told her that.

"Here's an interview, if you want to enter the competition," said Carlisle casually. "Why not try it?"

Eloise's disappointment was revealed in the curt gesture with which she took the paper the other handed to her. "Miss Blodgett," read Eloise. Her lips curled. "The chemistry teacher? Do you really think an interview with her is worth while?"

"That's for me to say, as editor-in-chief of *The Herald*," said Carlisle coolly.

Eloise crimsoned. "I mean," she explained stiffly, "that I've heard Miss Blodgett is interested only in chemistry and that she never talks about anything else. I'm afraid an interview with her won't be interesting enough for *The Herald*."

"If you don't care to try for a place on *The Herald*, don't accept this assignment," said Carlisle. "Only, let me know at once, for someone else might like to do it."

There was an angry, little silence, then Eloise spoke in an edged tone. "I'll accept the assignment," she said. And she turned upon her heel.

A moment later Fatty, tramping along the corridor, stopped short. "For the luvva Pete, what's the matter?" she demanded of the gloomy-faced individual staring out of an open window.

Carlisle turned dismally toward her. "Oh, Fatty," she said, "I'm afraid we're not going to like Eloise on our staff, even if she wins the place."

"Time enough to worry about that when she does," comforted Fatty. "What assignment did you give her? That Miss Blodgett one? Well, she probably will fall down on that—no one ever yet has got Miss Blodgett really to say anything."

Contrary to Fatty's forecast, however the article Eloise turned in to *The Herald's* editor, created a furore. Carlisle rushed to Fatty's room, where the others had congregated.

"Girls, girls," she cried, bursting into the room, "it's wonderful! It's the best interview we've ever received."

Fatty, dozing on her precious *chaise-longue*, despite the

she had persuaded Aunt Lide to tell her of those dark, exciting days Stuart and when Harwood Hall had been the palatial home of a general

"That's a good idea!" exclaimed Julie enthusiastically. "Give out some assignments and see who can write. Perhaps there are others who can write as well as Eloise."

"I doubt it," replied Carlisle. She knitted her brows. "We know Eloise can write—or at least, Julie knows it. The thing we want to find out is what sort of girl Eloise really is."

"Well, give out the kind of assignments which will show what sort she is," advised Barbara. "And what sort the others are, too. And may the best man win!"

There was no doubt but that Eloise had expected the sports' editorship to be given to her, despite the fact that she had come to Harwood Hall only that term. When Phyllis Haveron had been called home by her mother's unexpected illness, there had been great excitement concerning the vacant place on *The Herald's* editorial staff, for it was an honor, and its bestowal meant that the girl who held it automatically became one of Miss Luval's "honor girls," with all the rights and privileges which that implied.

noise of the ukelele Barbara was twanging and the doggerel Renée and Julie were chanting in unison, started to her feet. "What, where," she began terrifiedly. Carlisle laughed and pushed her back upon the couch.

"No fire, Fatty," she said reassuringly. "It's only this peachy article about Miss Blodgett that Eloise has just turned in!"

"Peachy—Miss Blodgett—" gasped Fatty incoherently. She smoothed her hair and reached for an apple. "Nonsense," she said more calmly. "That's impossible. After all, chemistry is chemistry!"

"I know," said Carlisle. "But this isn't the usual thesis on chemistry that has always been turned in for a *Herald* interview with Miss Blodgett. Somehow, quite miraculously, Eloise has dragged out the fact that Miss Blodgett was the daughter of a missionary to India and that her childhood was full of exciting, unusual adventures!"

The whole staff of *The Harwood Herald* stared at its editor. Then Renée spoke in an awed voice. "I don't know how many interviews with Miss Blodgett have been printed in *The Herald*, but looking over back numbers I've found three and no one's ever mentioned anything but chemistry in connection with her any time!"

"I know," nodded Carlisle. "That's what makes this thing of Eloise's so remarkable. Still," and the bright face clouded, "that doesn't alter the girl's personality."

"Well," said Barbara, "try her again. This other stuff," she put down the ukelele to draw a sheaf of papers toward her from Fatty's desk, "is awful, although a lot of the girls who wrote it are keenly interested in sports. Isn't it queer that in this big school there are so few—" she grinned at Carlisle, who was one of the star athletes of Harwood, "so few athletes who can write well!"

Eloise's second article for *The Herald* was even more remarkable in its human interest appeal. Carlisle, reading it when it had been turned in, marveled that a girl so aloof, so unfriendly, apparently, could write as she did. Eloise had been assigned to interview Aunt Lide, the old colored cook at Harwood Hall. Carlisle chuckled, now, as she remembered the indignant red which had flooded the other's face when the assignment had been given her.

"Interview the cook! Well, really!"

Somehow or other, no hint of the indignant distaste, the foolish snobbishness which colored Eloise's words, had crept into the article which she had given to Carlisle. In some mysterious fashion she had persuaded Aunt Lide to tell her of those dark,

exciting days when war had come to Stuart and when Harwood Hall had been the palatial home of a general in that war. Then Aunt Lide's mother had been the cook at Harwood and poor Miss Melissa, the lovely young bride who had died of sorrow when her soldier husband had been killed, had wept away some of her grief upon the broad, faithful bosom of Aunt Lucy.

It was a few weeks later that Carlisle stopped Eloise outside one of the class rooms one morning. "See your stuff in *The Herald*?" she asked.

The Harwood Herald had appeared the day before and both of Eloise's articles had been featured on its front page. Carlisle and the rest of her staff had expected delighted appreciation from Eloise, and had been taken aback by her silence. And now, for the life of her, Carlisle could not resist stopping Eloise.

The latter nodded coolly. "Yes," she said. She stood waiting stiffly.

Carlisle cleared her throat. "Want to report in my room for another assignment after school?" she asked a little gruffly. After all, it is a little hard when one has bestowed a favor—and Carlisle had relegated her own article to a back page of *The Herald* in order to give Eloise more space on the front page—to have that favor calmly ignored.

Eloise nodded casually. "All right," she said, and went on.

That afternoon she found Carlisle alone in her room.

"Here," said Carlisle, flipping a sheet of paper toward Eloise.

Eloise picked up the paper, read it frowningly. "Nanette Michon! That's—"

"Exactly," Carlisle nodded (Continued on page 32)



"I 'ave been 'oping," said Nanette, "I 'ave been 'oping so much that you would come"

Costumes selected by

HAZEL
RAWSON
CADES

Illustrations by
Katherine Shane

Models on this page are by
courtesy of B. Altman and
Company, New York City

The backbone of any fall wardrobe is the general utility coat. This one, planned to fit into a brown ensemble, is a rich russet shade which brightens browns and tans and tones with any greens that are used for contrast. The material is a warm homespun and the fur, natural wolf—both good choices to effect a happy medium between the strictly dress or the strictly sports coat. With the coat is worn a small felt hat in sand color, which combines well with both fabric and fur. The brim of this hat may be worn up or down according to your profile or your mood. The shoes shown are brown low-heeled kid pumps and for heavier wear you can substitute the brown brogues shown on the lower right hand figure.



For country wear, on the campus or the hike, nothing compares to the snug, warm, short little leather coat. Select it in any color to harmonize with your country clothes, but remember that brown is a natural inclination of leather and therefore a logical choice. This model is lined with natural-colored wool which makes it especially snug. It is worn here with the jersey dress (lower right) and the matching angora beret. For colder weather you may combine it with a sweater and a heavy tweed skirt. The stout brogues are fine for tramping, and the stockings are of lisle or wool. Add a gay scarf and a pair of matching wool short socks for warmth and color and you have a very desirable costume for cold, gray days.



Your Fall Clothes

It is smart to have a little three piece suit for early fall wear. Later on you can use it under your top coat and when spring comes you can again use it as an outer costume. Both light weight tweed and wool crêpe are prime favorites this fall, and this suit happens to be of the latter material. It comes in either green or blue but, for better color harmony, I suggest taking the green. The blouse which comes with the suit is of checked pussy-willow silk—green and white for the green suit and blue and white for the blue. Other wash blouses may be substituted or a natural-toned sweater might be worn. The sand-colored felt hat and the brown pumps again appear.

Seasons come and go but wool jersey calmly pursues its career of popularity and, as it stands now, practically no fall school wardrobe is without at least one wool jersey dress. The two-piece is a favorite choice for it is apt to hang better than the one-piece model. The dress at the right may be had in either beige trimmed with dark brown or in green with green trimming. I incline to the former combination for the purposes of this wardrobe. You can get the angora beret to match whichever dress you prefer. It is good looking as well as practical. It stays on in a wind and doesn't bind your brow. The brogues, as you'll note, are dark brown and sturdy.



Sorrel Does His Stunt

"THERE, it's ready. We'll take it right to Missoula and have it properly recorded," announced Mr. Bert Evans as he folded an imposing looking document and slipped it into his pocket, with an air of storing it away for safety.

"And we have a sister," said Albert.

"Who is past whooping cough and teething," added Herbert, the other twin, solemnly, but there was a gay twinkle in his dark eyes.

"And we need never worry again because one of us isn't a girl," Albert chuckled with satisfaction.

"Nor feel that we have not done our whole duty by Mother," Herbert put in quickly. They always talked like that, first one and then the other. They were so amusingly alike it was hard sometimes for even their mother to distinguish which was which.

"And I am very glad to have a daughter," Mrs. Evans smiled at Nadine, who was really her husband's second cousin.

Only a few weeks had elapsed since the fourteen-year-old girl had been sent all the way from New York to Montana, presumably to pay a visit. They had prepared a royal welcome that went straight to the heart of the lonely orphan, who for several years had been passed about from one relative to another. In that brief time, Nadine Evans had changed, as if by magic, from a wistful-eyed child into a jolly companion and an established member of the family. Now they were all assembled in the big living-room of the Evermay ranch house and, in the distance, the girl could see that branch of the Rocky Mountains that formed the eastern barrier to the lovely Bitter Root Valley.

"If you'd rather not be adopted, there is still time to say so," Mr. Evans told her gently. She looked up quickly.

"It's a responsibility, this adopting a family," Mrs. Evans added.

"I wish—I do wish I could tell you how I feel," Nadine answered softly. A big tear threatened to become a leader of a whole stream but was resolutely blinked back. "I don't know when I have been so perfectly happy, not since Mother and—"

"Then that's settled. All she needs now is to learn more about riding a real horse," Albert suggested cheerfully.

"And to stick on one with some go in him," Herbert added.

"Tex is a good horse, isn't he, Father?" Nadine was glad to have the subject changed, but she was loyal to the old horse that had showed such limitless patience while she managed the mysteries of riding.

"He isn't exactly worn out yet, and a few years ago he was one of the fastest cow ponies in the state," Mr. Evans assured her.

"And he's been splendid to learn on, but the boys are anxious for you to become expert on Sorrel," Mrs. Evans laughed.

"That's the idea," Albert agreed.

"Exactly," declared Herbert. "You parents better move or you'll be late."

"Or we shall all miss the celebration

By E. J. CRAINE

Illustrations by Frank Spradling

supper," went on Herbert. Just then the car came whizzing to the door to take Mr. and Mrs. Evans to the train.

"Sam will meet the train,"

Mrs. Evans reminded them, as she stepped into the car.

"Don't forget to fetch the horses from behind the ledge," Mr. Evans called to the twins.

"All right. So long," they answered. The three stood a while on the veranda watching the car make its way swiftly along the ranch road that led through the big cherry orchard, which now looked for all the world like an army of giant snow balls.

"They are funny in those white covers," Nadine laughed at the trees, which grew with such beautiful precision.

"We wouldn't have a cherry left if we didn't cover them," Herbert explained. "The robins have an enormous fondness for ripe cherries, so Dad covers the trees and saves a few for pies and people."

"They do get some, but we don't mind, because the birds keep off bugs and help care for the trees. Want to ride to the Jumping-off Rock?"

"I'd love to," Nadine agreed quickly.

"The going will be rough," Herbert warned her. "We can't take the horses all the way, but it's a wonderful view."

"I don't care how rough it is."

"Very well, Fair Sister."

"We start in half an hour."

"I'll be ready." She ran off to her room and it did not take her any time to put on riding clothes. Before she went down to meet the twins, she raised her eyes for an instant to the portrait of a man and a woman that hung on her wall. "I know that you're glad for me, Mother and Dad," she whispered.

Outside, she found the twins astride their dapples, Dapp and Dell, and paused to grin at the picture the

group presented. The horses were relaxed, their noses close to the ground, their eyes closed, and neither moved a muscle; while the boys sat limp in their saddles, their heads bowed, and both of them snoring melodiously. The third pony, Sorrel, standing also

with drooping head and closed eyes, completed the picture. He was a shade darker than very rich cream, had a small brown line in the middle of his forehead, a wide one down his back, and half a dozen garter-like rings below his knees, while his mane and tail were jet black.



The engine shrieked shrilly as it flashed along the rails before it entered the tunnel

"You Berts might wake up," Nadine boldly suggested. "Aw, er, what day is it?" yawned Albert, elaborately. "Aw, er, is it morning?" grunted Herbert, dramatically. "It's one day next week. I really think you better bring old Tex—"

"Oh, I say, we'll look after you, you know."

"Sure, Nadine. We thought you'd like to get in an extra lesson or two."

"Well, I do, very much," she answered demurely. "But, just suppose you should all go to sleep, why I'd—"

"My brother, do you suppose the Fair Sister is razzing us?" Herbert inquired soberly.

"That's the time I caught you napping," laughed Nadine.

"The honors are yours," Herbert chuckled.

"I hope our admission is graceful. Let's start," Albert added.

Both of them inspected their sister-by-adoption with keen approval. She was amazingly attractive in brown breeches, pongee blouse, and a soft hat like the boys'.

"We aim, Fair Sister, to entertain," grinned Herbert.

"Also to serve," added Albert.

"Sorrel, attention!" The pony lifted his head. Instantly every fiber of him was alert.

"Present stirrups!" Sorrel stepped close to the corner of

the veranda and turned so that Nadine could easily jump into the saddle, which she did, gathering up the reins, and patting the silky neck.

"You are a darling!" she declared. Sorrel gave his head a little toss to let her know that he appreciated the praise.

"All ready?"

"All ready." They were off, riding almost straight west. Evermay was miles nearer the western Rockies than the eastern range, so in less than an hour the three were riding abreast across a high plateau.

"We go Indian fashion from here, single file," Albert announced, urging his horse to take the lead. "Watch out for low branches."

"Don't want you to do an Absalom," Herbert went on as he fell in behind Nadine.

"My hair isn't long enough," she flung back at him.

"Just give Sorrel his head." She did and the pony followed close at the heels of Dell as they zig-zagged through the dense forest, up the steep side of the mountain. There was no opportunity for talking, or even to look around very

much, because some of the limbs were so low that the riders had to duck if they did not want to be brushed from their saddles. Once Nadine did get a moment to observe her companions, then she drew rein and began to laugh.

"We must all look so funny," she giggled.

"When Dad gets us that movie camera we'll come up here and take comedy pictures of each other," Herbert promised.

"You two stalled or out of gas?" Albert inquired. He had reached a ridge and, as he watched their approach, he had to chuckle.

"Of course we understand there is nothing personal in your unseemingly amusement," Herbert remarked when the three were standing together.

"You remind me of a pair of mechanical toys."

"Just ignore him and enjoy the scenery," Herbert invited, pointing it out to her.

It seemed to Nadine as if they must have traveled more than half way to the top of the mountain; but they were standing only above the last line of the foothills. However, they were high enough so that she could overlook treetops, and the canyon they had just traversed.

"It's simply gorgeous," she exclaimed happily. "I do like your West. There is so much of it."

"We can't waste time," Albert urged, glad the exhibition was so much appreciated.

"Here's a good place to practice that sliding stunt," Albert suggested as he drew rein near the top of a steep em-



She wavered, wobbled, and an instant later was sliding, feet first, toward the track

bankment. "It's a peach of an incline to practice on."

"Pray note that we are wide awake," put in Herbert.

"Oh, this is deeper than I've tried before," Nadine responded with a little gasp as she settled herself in the saddle. Dapp and Dell ranged themselves on either side of her Sorrel, and the three ponies backed a few rods to a good distance for the trial.

"From here," Herbert announced.

"We go," Albert went on.

"Let's!" shouted Nadine eagerly.

The ponies sprang forward, raced nose to nose to the edge of the ledge, paused a breathless second at the brink, and braced their fore feet. The twins each rested a hand lightly on the girl's arm and, as if they were all operated by one spring, they plunged over and down. There was a rush of wind, a scattering of loose stones as they made the swift descent in perfect formation.

"Oh—Oh—
O h - h - h !"
panted Nadine when they reached the level stretch.

"That was gorgeous!"

"My brother, we are most excellent tutors," grinned Albert.

"Even so, and our Fair Sister has ably upheld the traditions of the Noble House of Evans."

"But I was scared," Nadine admitted. "Let's all do it again."

So they did it over again. This time the girl quite conquered her terror.

"You are darlings, all of you," she assured the entire assembly as they resumed their journey onward.

"You embarrass us," grinned Albert.

"Almost to tears," added Herbert. "Let's move."

They followed the ledge, turned abruptly into a narrow ravine and rode beside a tiny stream, then turned again close to a huge boulder. There before her delighted eyes spread a beautiful meadow whose wild grass grew at least three feet high. Without waiting for an invitation the horses began to crop the feast eagerly.

"No time for dinner now," Albert gently insisted.

"You may enjoy yourselves later," Herbert promised.

Reluctantly the ponies made their way forward and finally the party came to where the creek had taken advantage of the level land to spread itself into a lake, deep and clear as crystal. It reflected the blue sky with its few fluffy clouds floating leisurely along, until the water looked as if it was heaven inverted. Nadine simply couldn't find words to express her pleasure so she didn't try, but turned Sorrel's nose toward a narrow trail which Herbert had already entered. Skirting the edge of the lake, they came to where the forest was so dark it was almost black, and began to climb. Presently they reached another meadow. The leader stopped and the three riders dismounted.

"Have to leave the horses here," Herbert explained.

"Now they can have that well-earned feed," said Albert.

The boys took their ropes from the saddles; Nadine had not been riding long enough to require one, so her mount's reins were allowed to hang loose.

"Go to it, old fellow," Albert invited.

The three crossed the wild pasture on foot and started the stiff climb. Part of the way was over enormous boulders whose exposed sides glistened like jewels in the sunshine.

"Fools' gold," Albert remarked.

"Why do they call it that?"

"Indians gave it the name. Few hundred years ago some white men found no end of it. The land belonged to the red men, but the pale faces stole all this sort of stuff they could lug away. Took a boatload, guarded it with their lives, fought each other for it, almost wrecked the ship before they got home."

"When more than half of them were dead and they tried to sell it in England, they discovered it was no good," Herbert went on.

"Is that a true story?" Nadine demanded skeptically.

"Can't vouch for it," Albert admitted.

"But we like to tell it," Herbert grinned cheerfully. "It's one of the best ones we know. You'll admit it's good."

It wasn't long before the climb began to tell on Nadine and soon she felt as if she couldn't go a step further; then the twins took turns helping. They were so high the atmosphere was rare and frequently she had to stop to accustom her lungs to the thin air.

"It's pretty stiff," Albert volunteered.

"Rather go back and try another day?" Herbert suggested. Nadine would,

but she wasn't going to give up, so she got to her feet quickly.

"I'm all right," she insisted.

Half an hour more and they emerged from a strip of scrub timber onto a high rugged plateau which they crossed with great caution, because in spots, the rocks were slippery as glass, while in others their points protruded like teeth and the sharp edges cut the girl's tired feet.

She raised her eyes to the portrait of a man and woman hung on the wall

"Here we are," Herbert announced triumphantly.

"At the Jumping-off Rock," Albert added.

"Let's rest a while," Nadine suggested. Now that they had actually reached their destination she didn't mind if the twins knew how woe-factly fagged she was. "How did the rock get that name?"

"Beautiful Indian maiden grieving for her warrior lover, lately deceased, hurled herself into the pool below," Albert replied.

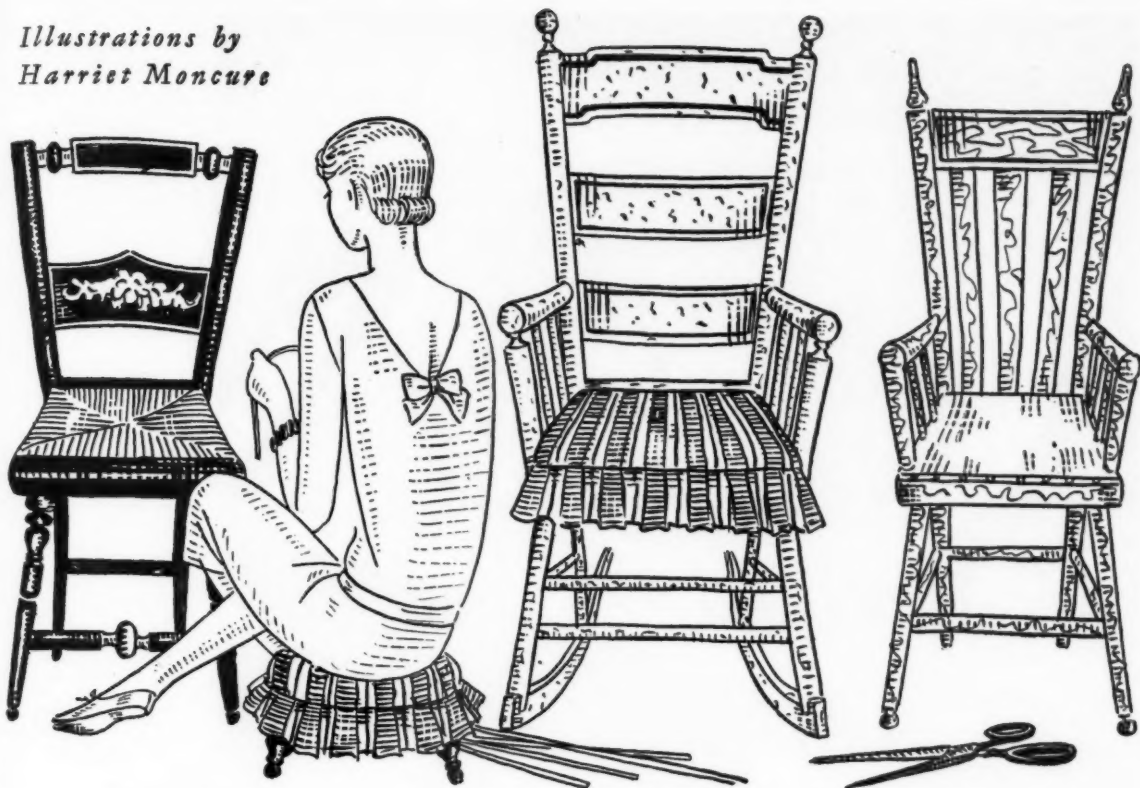
Herbert was unstrapping the field glass.

"Get your breath," he said. "Then try these. Take a good look, but don't do any moving about. These rocks are tricky;

(Continued on page 40)



Illustrations by
Harriet Moncure



New Chairs for Old

IT SEEMS safe to say that every home has one or more seatless but otherwise perfectly sound chairs in the attic.

Nowadays, with the fashion for old furniture, we are digging these from their corners and looking them over hopefully, determined to make something out of nothing. And no single article of furniture has been more successfully reclaimed time and time again, with so little effort, as yesterday's dilapidated and often quite commonplace chairs. And how many Girl Scout Little Houses and cabins could use just such gifts!

Granted that the chair which you have found somewhere about the place and wish to restore to the family circle, or which you have begged, borrowed, or bought somewhere because it looked old, is also seatless—and it nearly always is—next comes the problem of making up your mind as to which is the best way to re-seat it.

Prime considerations are comfort, wear, and the fitness of a particular kind of seat for your particular chair. Some chairs distinctly call for this kind of seat, others for that.

For a certain type of straight-back chair so common a few years ago—the stenciled chair—the rush seat has always been popular and is most appropriate. To have a new rush seat in an old chair of this kind, you may either pay someone a good price to put it in, or you

By OLGA CLARK

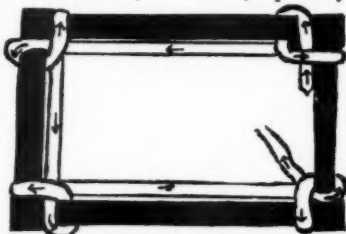
may rush the chair yourself, making sure that the materials are those that will wear and that the workmanship is strong. Rushing is one of the simplest of the homecrafts, and one, fortunately, in which the home-made look is an asset rather than a liability. A few unavoidable irregularities or roughnesses will add rather than detract from the appearance of the chair, especially now when so many of these chair seats on new furniture are done by machine.

If you plan to do the work yourself—and it is fun to do and not half as hard as it appears to be—allow a full, free day for the accomplishment of the finished seat, since once you have started the work you cannot leave it for any length of time because the rushes, which must be dampened to work with, will dry out and make your seat uneven.

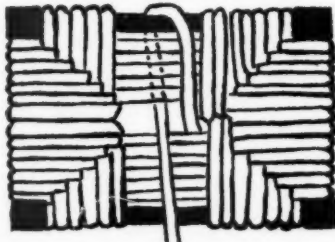
The rush to be used is the ordinary cat-tail which grows in swamps and marshy places. This should be gathered as soon as the tips begin to ripen, in late July or in early August. Perhaps the boys or men of the family can be interested in this occupation and be depended upon to keep a store of cat-tails for you. Or perhaps your camp next year will be near a growth of cat-tails.

As soon as these are gathered, cure them by spreading them out in a dark, dry place where there is a circulation of air, and allowing them to dry

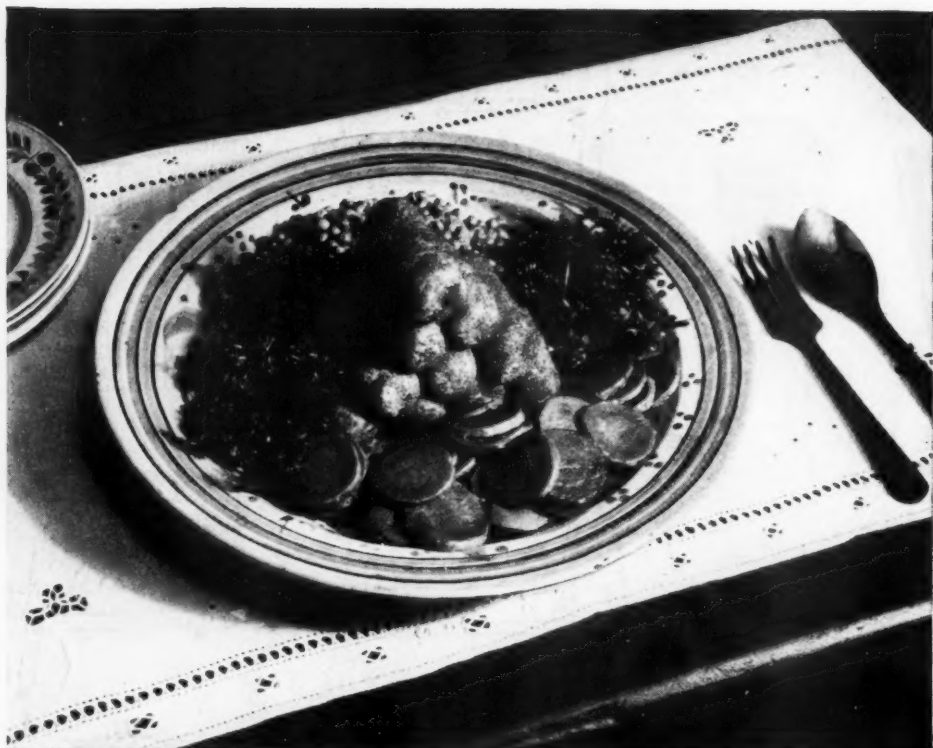
(Continued on page 48)



Start in upper right hand corner, turning the short ends down; follow the arrows



If the seat is not exactly square, complete the rushing with the figure eight motion



A pyramid of croquettes, surrounded by beet discs, green peas and parsley sprigs, makes a colorful and tempting serving platter at dinner

The Way with Croquettes

THERE are few dishes more delicious than golden-brown croquettes. But

By WINIFRED MOSES

there are few more difficult to make properly—at least, so I thought when I went to cooking school; it was such a long time from start to finish. First, we had to make a binding agent—a thick white sauce in which four to eight tablespoons of flour and three or four of butter were mixed with a cup of milk—and stir two cups of minced meat or vegetables into it. Then we had to spread the mixture on a platter and put it away to stiffen.

Now, however, I have learned a quicker way, which I shall pass on to you. By the new method, no white sauce is used. The binding agent is, instead, hot mashed potato or other mashed vegetable, or boiled rice or another cereal. To this I add a slightly beaten raw egg. The mixture has the advantage of being much easier to work with than the one held together with the white sauce, and the croquettes can be shaped while the mixture is hot, leaving the egg and crumbing to be done just before frying.

After the croquettes are mixed, the next thing to do is to shape them and roll them in eggs and crumbs. First, take a spoonful of the mixture and roll it in the hands into a ball. The mixture must not be too stiff, since the chief requirement of a good croquette is that it be crisp on the outside and soft on the inside. Lay the soft ball on a bread board and, with a spatula, roll it into a cylinder, patting the ends to make them flat. Then drop the croquette into a bowl of slightly beaten egg that has been mixed with two tablespoons of milk or water, and roll it with the spatula until it is thoroughly coated with egg. Lift it from the egg and roll it in a flat pan of bread crumbs until it is smoothly and evenly covered.

While the croquettes are being shaped, a deep iron kettle, into which an iron basket can be fitted, should be set over the fire and in it be put about three pounds of lard, lard compound or other frying fat. At the right of this kettle place a shallow pan lined with paper—paper toweling is excellent for this purpose—on which to drain the basket of croquettes when they have been fried. Put enough croquettes into the frying basket to cover the bottom and, when the fat is heated to 375 degrees Fahrenheit, place the basket in the fat and allow it to stay there until the croquettes are golden brown in color. Lift up the basket and hold it over the fat until the grease has partly drained. Then set it in the paper lined pan. When the paper has absorbed the excess fat, remove the croquettes from the basket, and refill it to fry your

(Continued on page 38)

DINNER MENU

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Salmon Croquettes
Buttered Peas
Buttered Carrots
Pimento Sauce
Lettuce Salad
French Dressing
Bread *Butter*
Baked Apple
Beverage

Pauline Mandigo

*She had
a nose for news which
led her into a
fascinating profession*

By

MARGARET NORRIS



Success in a difficult line of work has not robbed Pauline Mandigo of her feminine charm



When this picture was taken, the little girl who later was so determined to be a reporter, was probably still playing with her dolls

IF YOU want to be a successful publicity director like Pauline Mandigo, the first thing to do is to get yourself a job as newspaper reporter and hold it until you learn to recognize that elusive thing called "news", and until you know all about editors, their habits and customs, what they will print and what they won't.

The reason Miss Mandigo has scored so high with her Phoenix News Publicity Bureau (the most successful bureau of its kind managed by women in the country) is not only because she is a good executive with a charming way about her, but because she is primarily a good reporter with a wonderful nose for news. She won her spurs covering politics for an Albany newspaper during the woman suffrage campaign. From this, by dint of good hard work, she finally graduated into publicity work. This much she carefully explained to me when I talked

with her in her New York office. I had asked her to tell me the best and the worst about publicity as a profession for young women, what opportunities lie in that field and wherein lies the secret of success. Her answer was something like this:

"When I take on a new writer to handle one of our accounts, the first thing I ask her is, 'On what newspaper did you get your training? Are you a good reporter? Do you know news when you see it? Do you understand what editors like? Can you prepare a story for the press? Can you get it there in proper form and at the psychological moment when it is valuable as news?'"

"If I can be sure she can do all this, I know she will make good in publicity."

Thus, the story of Pauline Mandigo is a story of the newspaper game, of a young woman who entered it early and played it successfully. It begins with a little girl reporter with a pig-tail down her back and such a remarkable news sense that the city editor found her useful. It carries on for a term of years over the bumpers and hazards, the "scoops" and the front page stories that make newspaper work both exciting and hard. But all the while Pauline Mandigo played it in par, right up with the women champions until she graduated from girl reporter into news publicity expert. This is like winning

(Continued on page 46)

*Continuing our
thrilling new serial*

By HARRIETTE R. CAMPBELL

*Illustration by
Marguerite de Angeli*

GRETTA Cameron lived at Lulworth Hall with her grandparents, Lord and Lady Eastlake. She rejoiced in having her cousin, Amory Lathrop, whose home was in the American Colonies, visit her on his holidays from Eton. One day, when they were out riding, they accidentally happened upon the hiding place of a charming gentleman who admitted that he was a fugitive from the king. They promised not to betray him.

When Captain Cameron, Gretta's father, returned from duty in Ireland, he found his daughter in the kitchen amusing the servants while a great party was going on in the house. Amory had gone back to school, and since Gretta had no companions of her own age, she was hard put to amuse herself. She was considered too young for the drawing room, and anyway the guests at Lulworth Hall talked most often of the shocking behavior of the American Colonists at far-away places like Lexington and Bunker Hill.

Captain Cameron decided that Gretta would be better off in Scotland with his brother's family, where there were girls of her own age. Charming, frivolous Lady Eastlake at first remonstrated at parting with her daughter's child, but it was finally arranged that, with Jeanie, a Scotch serving woman, she should go to Scotland with her father.

CHAPTER III
The Lovely Duchess

All the domestic machinery of Lulworth Hall seemed to be involved in preparing for that journey. Grooms, carpenters and blacksmiths plied their trades. There was baking and brewing in kitchen and still room. Packing cases littered the travelers' apartments and Lady Eastlake's maids were driven hither and thither by that energetic lady in the effort to equip Gretta suitably for three weeks on the open road.

At length all was ready and the clerk of the weather smiled upon the adventure. The fogs, blizzards and high winds which had followed each other in rapid succession were replaced by mild and spring-like breezes, so that Gretta, clad in a stuff traveling frock and capuchin, equipped with a muff and rugs of fur, was so handicapped by her many wraps that she was altogether too warm.

Jeanie was already perched behind, just above the luggage, and one postillion was mounted while the other stood at the horses' heads. Lord and Lady Eastlake on the steps at Lulworth waved a farewell, and servants crowded behind them. Lulworth would be strangely dull without young Mistress Gretta and her unaccountable ways.

"Goodbye, darling, darling Grandmother," she called. "Goodbye, Grandfather, goodbye, Turnberry. Don't let anybody ride Stella till I come back. Goodbye, 'Lizabeth. Little Richard can have my battledore and shuttlecock and my parachute and cup and ball. Goodbye—Goodbye—"

The horses were showing their eagerness to be off. At a sign from the Captain, the postillion left their heads, leaping to his seat, and the chaise rattled down the drive.



*At last the
wheels of the
chaise rolled
onto Scotch soil,
and the travel-
ers all felt they
had come home*

The Captain stood up, waved his hat, the horses plunged forward. Gretta called a last farewell. Turning a corner they were suddenly out of sight of the house and the great adventure that lay ahead had begun.

Gretta looked at her father. She had never cared very much what anyone thought of her before, but she realized now that she wanted to gain her father's approval and that it would not be won by a pretty frock or polite behavior, which was all that anyone expected of her at Lulworth.

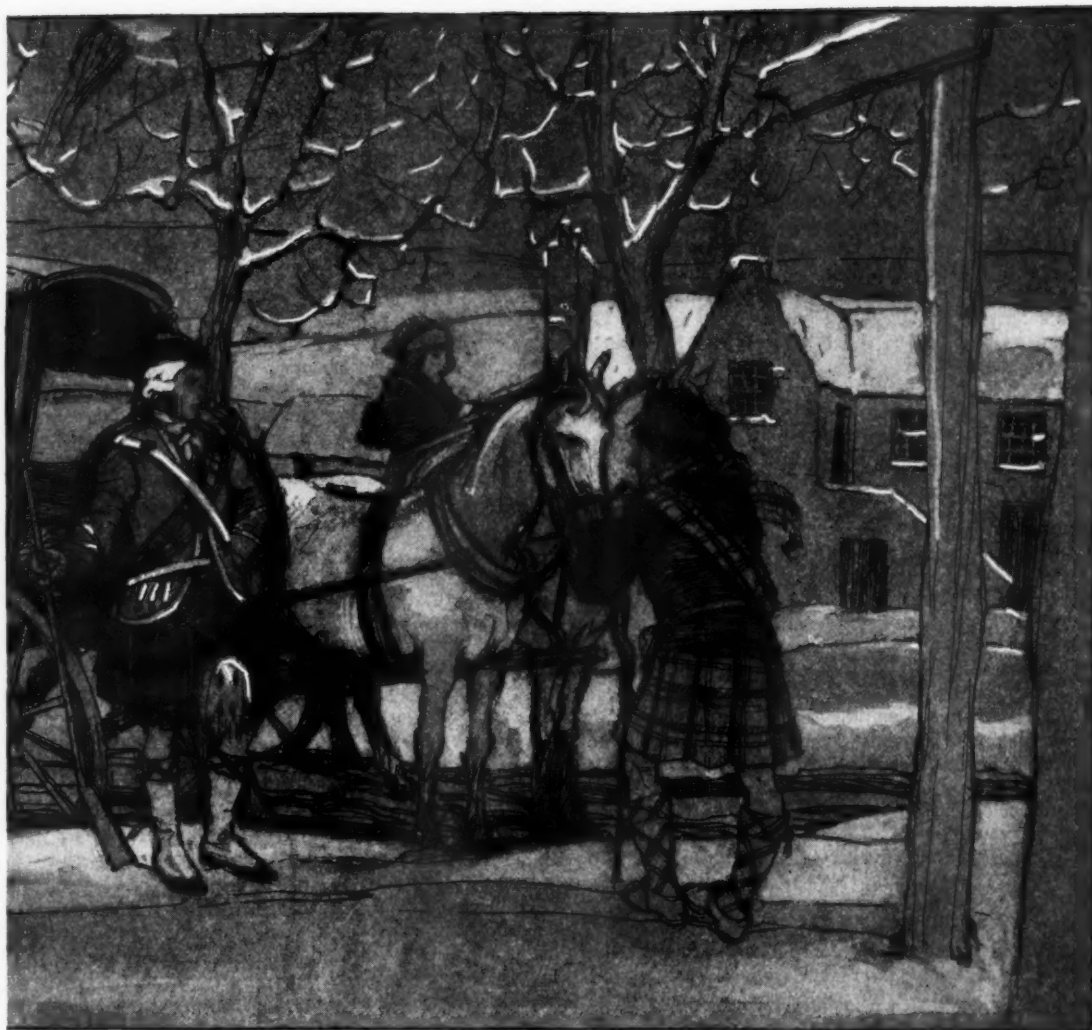
They reached Watford at noon and Saint Alban's at three. They went to see the Cathedral, with its square tower of Roman bricks, and the Roman bridge over which the great martyr had walked to his death.

It was there that Gretta asked her father about the war. "What is this war about, and why did it start?" she said. "The war in the Colonies, I mean."

The Captain shook his head. "'Tis rebellion," he answered, "and we have to put it down. But if you listen to Fox and Burke and Chatham, you'd think the Colonists are right and His Majesty's ministers in the wrong. And there's one sure thing—there are greedy merchants and traders on both sides who profit."

"But, Father—" cried Gretta bewildered and alarmed by such an attack on her prejudices. "The Continental

Red



Coats and Blue

Army are all butchers and savages. They scalp people and wear war-paint instead of clothes. Phoebe's brother is a soldier and she told me."

"What about your cousins in Boston? Are they savages?"

Gretta thought of Amory with his proud head and tall, straight figure. "But they are loyalists!" she triumphantly exclaimed.

"So they are. But many of the same sort are not, Gretta. Why George Washington himself—I've met him. He's a gentleman and a fox hunter!"

Gretta had lived in a hunting county long enough to know what this meant!

There were other shocks in store for Gretta, for everything she had been taught at Lulworth seemed to be wrong, even her riding, which her father sampled the next day on their way to Newport Pagnell. At first she chattered freely and her father listened without comment.

She had missed no chance of listening to the gossip of gay folk who came down from London to stay at Lulworth. Thus she could tell her father stories of such clubs as Almack's and Boodles', of racing at Newmarket and Epsom, of the Pump Room at Bath, of routs and marion-

ette shows, of Mr. Garrick and his rivals, of so many things!

"You will find the life at Stavor Castle quite different from Lulworth," Captain Cam-

eron remarked finally, after listening to her chatter.

"How different?" asked Gretta.

"They think very little of pleasure and very much of their duty there," the Captain replied.

"Duty?" Gretta cocked her head on one side. "Does that mean lessons?"

"Perhaps."

Gretta considered. "The vicar used to teach me the catechism and some Latin and the rule of three," she told him. "At least he tried to," she added with candor.

On this day the weather changed and when they reached the inn at Market Harborough, Gretta's velvet habit was white with snow. To their chagrin they found that a great lady, traveling in state, with outriders and postillions had taken all the best horses. She was a very particular lady, it seemed. The Camerons had to wait all the next day and when they did set out, one of the horses went lame just as snow began to fall.

Instead of getting on to Leicester that day, they had to put up at a small wayside inn.

This would not have worried Gretta but for the rats and other vermin which occupied the picturesque attic where

she and Jeanie had to sleep. The Captain slept at their door that night. He had heard muffled sounds from the inn parlor which did not please him.

The next morning, the Captain decided to press on so they set out with as much haste as possible, glad to leave the dirty inn, the smiling landlord and his frightened wife behind them. But everything was gloomy that day.

Gretta's fingers were cold. So were her feet. The snow thickened. She did not know how the drivers could see. The road was so bad she was sure they must have lost their way, but when she told her father this he pointed to marks still visible in the snow, where the coach of the traveling lady had gone before them. Gretta began to be quite curious about this lady. And when, presently, the tracks of her coach vanished altogether, she felt lonely and frightened and more than ever aware of discomfort.

She had not been very comfortable at Lulworth. But at Lulworth she did not have to submit to discomfort if it became severe. If her room was too cold she made a servant carry great logs and pile them on her hearth. If the chimney smoked too badly, as it usually did, she took herself and her bed clothes to Phoebe's room and climbed into bed with her, a fact which would have shocked Lady Eastlake into a swoon. If she did not like her food, she rifled the still room, the jam cupboard and the larder. She had her own way of rectifying deficiencies in her wardrobe, and as for her bath—why, she could always splash the water about without getting in.

Therefore, finding herself uncomfortable, more tired, hungry and cold than she had ever been before, it was natural that she should employ the methods which had never failed her. She began by complaining to Jeanie, who shivered under her plaid in the back of the chaise.

"I'll walk a bit to warm myself," the Captain said, "and you, Jeanie, come in front with Mistress Gretta and she can go under your plaid."

This change accomplished, Gretta continued: "I'm hungry."

The remainder of their provisions were under the seat and Gretta proceeded to help herself, but the Captain interfered. "Not too much of that pie, my dear," he directed, "I must save some in case we are really lost, as you suggest." He laughed but Gretta cast an alarmed glance at his face. She did not want to be lost. She would not mind on a fine warm day, with plenty to eat and drink and a horse to ride and some excitement about it. But now in the cold, in this dull white world, soft, yet menacing, with tired horses and cross servants, and hardly anything to eat, being lost was not an attractive idea. Gretta began to cry.

The Captain, walking beside the chaise, heard her sob. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"I'm cold!" sobbed Gretta. "And hungry! It's wretched being lost. I wish I hadn't come."

Silence.

"I wish we'd stayed in Northampton. I think everything is d-d-dreadful!" continued Gretta.

Now the Captain had a temper of his own. He shouted, "Turn the chaise. We are going back."

Gretta sat up in alarm. "But it is too far to go back!" she cried.

"'Tis too far to take you to Argyllshire!" the Captain asserted bluntly.

"But, Father!" Gretta protested, "of course, I'm going to Argyllshire! You can't go back."

"Can't I indeed!" the Captain replied. The horses had been turned and the chaise, lurching alarmingly, swung around after them.

Gretta flew into a passion.

"You shall not behave so!" she raged, "I will not turn back. You are a villain or you would not use a lady so!

I'll have your eyes for this!" It is to be feared that her language showed her familiarity with the scullery.

"Talking like a kitchen wench will not help you," her father grimly told her. But Gretta's rage, unchecked in so many similar scenes, waxed furious until she was flinging herself about the chaise in a perfect tantrum of temper, held by the frightened Jeanie.

It was then that her father matched her methods with remedies to suit, for he mounted the wheel and, taking her by the shoulders, shook her until she begged him to stop. When he had finished she sank back into her corner, silent and amazed.

At last she said, "Please, Father, I'm sorry."

The chaise came to a standstill and her father was beside her in a trice. In spite of the snow, the reconciliation was a happy moment.

"You see, Gretta my dear, I don't want you to be the kind of woman a man must always leave at home," he said.

"Oh, Father, what do you mean!" she cried.

"Just that. Some ladies have too little of the woman in them to be deprived for a moment of their fans and jewels and powder and patches. Others—even finer ladies, I think—can put all these things away and share the adventures that a man likes to remember at the end of his life. Not in a man's way, perhaps, but in their own. I want you to be this kind of lady, and that is why I brought you with me."

"Oh, Father, I didn't mean it. I'm sorry—indeed—indeed I am. Tell me how to be your kind of lady."

He put his arm around her and drew her close to him.

"Do a kindness when none is likely to hear of it, hold your head all the higher when it is about to droop; smile when everyone else is frowning; pretend to be calm when you are nearest to panic; share what you have when other people are grabbing at it. That's my kind of lady—or gentleman either. Do you understand?"

"Yes," answered Gretta in a subdued voice, "I do—Father. Father, if I remember, if I never behave like that again, will you let me come?"

He kissed her wet cheek and turning the heads of the tired horses they drove on. Just before the short winter day began to fail they came upon a coach, at a standstill, the horses drooping with fatigue, and the servants busily repairing a wheel. The party looked up with suspicion as the Cameron party drew near but, reassured by the respectable appearance of the cortege, they touched their hats to the Captain who jumped down and went to the window of the coach. Gretta saw him doff his hat, bowing profoundly over a lady's gloved hand. This must be the mysterious lady who commanded so much attention from innkeepers and hostlers. In a moment her father came for her and lifted her down, took her to the coach, which was splendid without and luxurious within. The lady took her by the hands and drew her inside on blue cushions, and gave her a soft fur wrap to replace the cloak and hood which were wet with snow.

The lady was the most beautiful person in the world. Her pretty coloring, her dark hair and gray blue eyes, were only part of her charm. It was the placid space between the eyes, the regular line of nose, and carving of the lips which gave her the especial loveliness that made her, although no longer young, the most beautiful woman in London.

"I shall be glad of your company and protection," she told Captain Cameron, "for this stage of the journey is always dangerous, and I have only my servants with me." As she spoke a footman came to the door of the coach to announce that all was ready to proceed, and the journey was resumed. Night began to fall as they entered the City of Leicester and they found the influence of their friend as useful as it had been inconvenient when she preceded

(Continued on page 33)



It is the Washington Monument that these girls are bound for, although they could not resist stopping to visit a redbird on the way

The Road to Oregon

Here's a new game to play when we hike or ride — an old game, too, that our grandfathers played in the far-off adventurous days of covered wagons

OH, SUSANNAH,
Don't you cry for me!
I'm goin' out to Oregon
With my banjo on my knee.

By MADGE WILLIAMS

That is the old pioneer song they sang in the days when long lines of covered wagons followed the zigzag trails across the wilderness. As I say the words over now, I think of some little village from which a group of pioneers are leaving the next morning. The boys and young men of the party, brave in new buckskin, are coming down the village street singing a farewell serenade to the girls they are leaving behind them. Of course, some women go along, too, in the wagon trains; but the majority stay behind. Can't you hear the boys and men of the party gleefully singing as they wave goodbye to the less adventurous girls staying home:

Oh, Susannah,
Don't you cry for me!

And the next morning when the little train of wagons rolls into the dawn, the song returns over the sleeping village:

I'm goin' out to Oregon
With my banjo on me knee.

And the comfortable stay-at-home people turn over for a last nap in their warm beds and envy a little the carefree



men and women who were going so blithely into new countries and new adventures.

They were going into cruel dangers and heart-breaking privations, too, and they carried a rifle on the wagon seat and grim determination in their hearts, but they went gallantly with their strumming banjos and rollicking songs.

For all too many of us, even though we may be Girl Scouts, there are no more wildernesses to conquer, and we must content ourselves with make-believe adventures, and follow old trails to the ends of old journeys. But hundreds of girls have discovered that even that can be a fascinating thing to do.

There is scarcely a town or city or village in the world without stories and landmarks connected with its life—stories, often, that are as full of mystery and incident and courage and treachery as any you can find in books or magazines. And these young and modern pioneers have gone hiking or riding or gypsying over the old historic places near their own doors.

It may not be the road to Oregon that they have followed, but the road to Boonsboro or to the Alamo, the trail of Niccolet in Wisconsin, of Tonti of the Iron Hand along the Great Lakes, perhaps of Lee's gallant band up the

(Continued on page 41)

Things

"How do you do?" says this welcoming hostess, a Manhattan Girl Scout, as she greets some of her friends hospitably in the wide open doorway



The art of homemaking, and these Girl Scouts of New York, know all sorts of turns



This Girl Scout of Wyncote, Pennsylvania, who has worked for her Gardener's Merit Badge, contributes a pumpkin to the Thanksgiving menu



Waterbomies girls like to get together on a moon after a wood among the

Here are only a few of the things that keep Girl Scouts busy all the year—and especially when Girl Scout Week comes around



It's fun taking care of such a smiling baby, and this Savannah, Georgia, girl appreciates her luck



Remember the art of bed-making? These Girl Scouts in Brooklyn, New York, are turning in corners



Children in the hospital at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, love to have Girl Scouts read (above) Needlewomen of Tacoma, Washington, demonstrate their dexterous art (left)



Waterbury, Connecticut, girls like to go together on picnics after a walk in the woods among the leaves

Cooking is good fun when it leads to fluffy muffins or golden cakes to be served to an appreciative family or some admiring friends





The Mayor gives awards for stocking darning at Waterbury, Connecticut

GIRL Scout Week comes this month and so already the air is thick with plans. Troops are putting their heads together here, sewing on badges there, and remembering everywhere to press ties and have uniforms spick and span for the occasion.

The plans include comparing dinner menus for Mother's day off, when the Girl Scout daughter will do the marketing and cooking for the family. Some troops plan hikes for parents with a destination not too far from an automobile road, where a pleasant meal may be cooked and served, with short stunts afterwards, and, for the closing, campfire songs that everyone knows.

There is a day when Girl Scouts join in some special service to their community, perhaps doing some volunteer work at the playground, library, or Red Cross Headquarters. Girl Scout Week always includes Girl Scout demonstrations and entertainments at the community center, or in the Girl Scout Little House. There will be a Court of Awards, where interested elders will see Girl Scouts receive badges that mean they have attained proficiency and a working knowledge of some special subject such as cooking, home nursing, gardening, acting as hostess, life saving, photography, citizenship, motoring. For, Girl Scout Week really means introducing to the rest of your city, town or neighborhood the Girl Scout activities that you pursue quietly with your troop during the rest of the year.

Girl Scout Week opens Sunday, October thirteenth, when Girl Scouts and their leaders, in uniform, will go to church, each to her own. Then follows a week when Girl Scout adventures in health and homemaking, nature work and community service are brought to the attention not only of other girls but of mothers and fathers, teachers, and men and women in every community.

Busy Girl Scout Week

Toledo parents see activities

Girl Scout Week is always a very special time at Toledo, Ohio, and in

own dresser drawers, cupboards and boxes. Tuesday is mending day, and every Girl Scout helps with the family mending and darning. Wednesday, Mother's day off, is when the Girl Scout daughter plans and prepares the dinner. Thursday is the day when the Girl Scouts entertain their fathers. On Friday, the entire city-full of Girl Scouts come together to hold a Court of Awards, and in the presence of parents and friends, receive the badges they have earned during the year. Saturday, a city trail of educational and historical interest is laid.

As indicated by this week-long program, the Girl Scout in her own home was emphasized. It set the Girl Scouts of Toledo and their friends to thinking, and they began to work for a little Girl Scout house where they could gather



New Brunswick, New Jersey, girls make a rope stretcher in a trice

round the crackling fire on winter afternoons, plant a garden in the spring, and practice cooking and home nursing too.

Football game guests

New Orleans girls bring cookies

At New Orleans, Louisiana, the Girl Scouts greatly enjoyed their Girl Scout

"All around

*Girl Scout Week goes merrily,
a day for neighborhood service,*

their newspaper, plans for it were made as follows:

On Sunday, every Girl Scout attends her own church. On Monday, she makes a special effort to be useful at home, cleaning up her

Week, and Miss Olivetta Martinez writes of some of their activities as follows:

"But best of all was our ending. On Saturday afternoon, bright and early, Girl Scouts assembled outside of the Tulane Stadium. We had been invited as special guests to the Tulane-Louisiana College football game. Did we go? Over three hundred strong, all in spic-span uniforms. Five troops made Girl Scout cookies to be presented in a large basket decorated with Girl Scout and Tulane colors. We presented them during the 'half' of the game. Two Girl Scouts carried the basket with two men on either side of the girls. These men were members of the Cooperative Club which is sponsoring Girl Scouting this year. After the basket, followed the flag and color guard. Quite a distance behind the color guard came a group of forty-five Girl Scouts forming the letter T. After the presentation, from the Freshie part of the grandstand came a rousing cheer for Girl Scouts. And it was whispered about that it wasn't long before the cookies were demolished."

Window demonstrations

Girl Scouts show knots and first aid

Girl Scout Week at Oberlin, Ohio, was one of the best ways for making many new friends for Girl Scouting, according to Elizabeth Tenney, who writes:

"We had a very successful Girl Scout Week. One of the stores gave us the use of one of its windows where we had one of everything connected with Girl Scouting, even to the small replica of our shack, three and a half miles from town. The little copy was made by one troop, complete in every detail.

"One afternoon one of our college girls, who is a Citizen Scout, was in the window with three Girl Scouts

demonstrating knots and their uses. One time, one of our hospital nurses was there in uniform with two Girl Scouts doing first aid. Both drew a large crowd and we felt we had interested that many more in Girl Scouting. We ended the week with a play given by the Girl Scouts. This week we make plans to take Thanksgiving baskets to families recom-

the Mulberry Bush—"

*with Mother's day off, an evening for Dad,
a Court of Awards and Girl Scout Sunday*

mended by the visiting nurse. We do this every Thanksgiving, also at Christmas."

A Girl Scout banquet

Guests entertained at Spur, Texas

Many friends for Girl Scouting have been made at Spur, Texas, during the Girl Scout Week celebrated there. The climax of the week was a banquet when the girls themselves entertained one hundred and twenty-five guests, including their own parents and the friends who had helped them in Girl Scouting. The girls did all the cooking, as well as arranging attractive Indian decorations and presenting a program.

A rally on the river

The mayor gives badges

One of the most interesting Girl Scout rallies held recently was that of the Cincinnati and Hamilton County, Ohio, Girl Scouts. After following the Girl Scout Health Trail all winter, the girls came, at last, to a novel and exciting treasure. It was a big boat and the promise that every Girl Scout should go riding on it. During the cruise up the Ohio River on the *Island Queen*, they held a thrilling Court of Awards at which the mayor presided.

Afterward, a general sing was held and games were played on the different decks. What fun it was to sing, with the hills slipping by on either side. And a second treasure was found on this

fairy boat in the form of ice cream and cake served on the first deck. Over one thousand Girl Scouts were at last landed safely back on shore.

Girl Scouts meet together

Troops at Terre Haute have a party

Virginia Blair of Troop Three, Terre Haute, Indiana, writes of the joint meeting of Girl Scouts held in her city.

"Girl Scout Week came just at the right time, because the Girl Scouts of Terre Haute had been planning to come together for some time. It was really like a troop meeting only more fun, because there were more of us. We had a formal opening and then the captains invested new members of each troop.



"This is the way we iron our clothes" sings this Girl Scout from Manhattan, New York

trained by our Girl Scouts. It has proven to be exceedingly popular. Both cats and dogs figured in the demonstration.

"Chappie, a beautiful Maltese cat owned by Margaret Minneman, was the first to perform. His lovely long whiskers were displayed with utmost care; the yellow satin ribbon around his neck, the color of the troop to which he is mascot, made him strut like a peacock.

"Bunny, a fox terrier owned by Margery Deming of Troop Three, was quite a spectacle. She wore a little Girl Scout uniform and walked on two legs, but was rather anxious to get out of the dignified clothes to show what she really could do.

"Fluffie, a beautiful Chow dog, excited the admiration of all the audience. Margaret Rogers of Troop Thirteen, who owns him, seemed to have great influence with him, for he performed every trick he knew like a veteran.

"Spot, pet of Mildred Benson of Troop Ten, carried off first honors in the exhibition, not failing even once to do his numerous stunts.

"There were other entries in the exhibition, but I have only mentioned the prize winners."

"Ladder of Dreams"

Girl Scouts present a pageant

How the Girl Scouts of Woodfords, Maine, celebrated Girl Scout Week is told here by Philena Chase, who writes:

"During National Girl Scout Week, we, the Girl Scouts of Woodfords in Portland, Maine, determined to show Girl Scouting as we interpreted it. A pageant of eight parts was written, called the *Ladder of Dreams*.

"It was supposed to represent the many steps in reaching the Golden Eaglet. The pageant depicted a girl who was very much disgusted with life in general, but who under the influence of other Girl Scouts, joined the Girl Scout troop in her town. Slowly she became more and more interested in troop work, and in three years had climbed the 'Ladder of Dreams' to that highest award, the Golden Eaglet."



A Girl Scout in Bloomfield, New Jersey, is useful and cheerful on Mother's day off

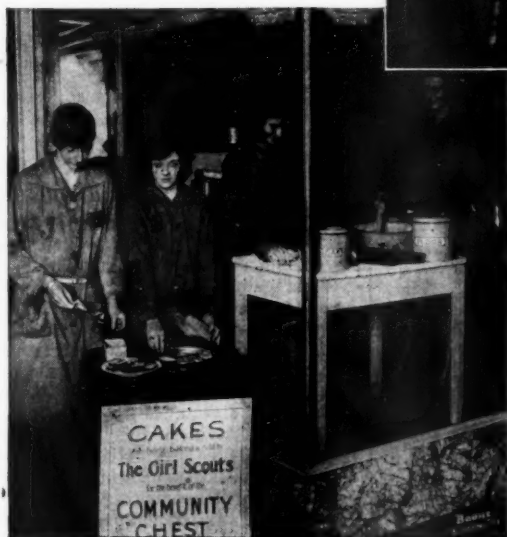
Then we sang Girl Scout and camp songs and played games the rest of the most entertaining evening."

"The animals came in—"

Girl Scouts have a show

An exhibition of animals, trained by Girl Scouts, was given as part of the Girl Scout Rally at Waterbury, Connecticut. Agnes Schier writes about it:

"For the second year we have had a demonstration of animals,



Cooking, community service and a demonstration for Girl Scout Week are all done at once by Golden Eaglets of Austin, Texas

To merit your "Athlete's" badge you must:

"5 Demonstrate with basket ball 5 goals out of 7 trials standing at least 5 feet from basket, OR demonstrate with basket ball distance throw of 40 feet."

Dodge down the floor on skid-proof feet

It may be easy to pop a basket ball into the net five times out of seven when you're standing only five feet away, and there's no interference.

But—when there are "guards to the right of you, and guards to the left of you," to say nothing of someone directly in front of you—it takes sure, brisk footwork to get near enough to make a goal.

And it's when you're making these quick turns and dead stops that you'll appreciate the lightness and "skid-proofness" of Keds!

Keds, with their protective canvas tops, do not impede flying feet! Their cushiony, floor-clutching outsoles absorb the shocks of sudden stops; and their special "Feltex" insoles keep your feet cool and comfortable.

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Breath of the Sea

(Continued from page 11)

frowns at the barometer. Here, it was only Uncle 'Bastian sucking his toothpick and irritably twitching his shoulders at a thump that didn't mean anything.

The radio man banged the wheelhouse door as he entered with a message. "Any change from yesterday?" the skipper asked him; then without waiting for answer read the typewritten slip of a weather report, bit his toothpick in two, and blew out both pieces onto the immaculate white matting.

Other things about the ship were in motion. A metal block, aloft somewhere, began to dance out a long rhythm. Something creaked; there were clickings and tappings in the lofty superstructure like a dozen hurrying typewriters. Doors slammed. The big ship sagged down, lifted, sagged again.

Yet there was no wind.

Sebastian Mather leaned out of a wheelhouse window, staring off her port bow at a black line on the water. Sally Quorn looked that way, too. It was like a division in the sea—everything gray this side, everything black beyond.

The division seemed a fixed thing, without life or motion, just a picture. As if apart from it there arose a thin high wailing. This loudened swiftly into a scream. And with the suddenness of magic, the ship's bow cleft blackness, the white wisps were tortured water, and the *Malacca* lay over on her starboard beam ends to hang there as if cowering from another blow.

Sally Quorn was delighted. Her ecstatic laugh had filled the crazily tilted wheelhouse. She picked herself up from the corner into which she had been thrown, and was at the door by the time the ship regained her keel.

Glancing back into that room of masterly devices, she saw Uncle 'Bastian and a quartermaster battling with the wheel. The gyro-helm was no use to them now! And she had thought this great ship impervious to any attack of the elements!

Down to the forward well-deck she clambered, her clothes flattened against her by the gale, and crept along in the lee of the weather bulwark. Across the deck to leeward she could see the hurrying black water, the white ribbons of foam; over her head at machine-like intervals came a hollow concussion, and a white sheet of water whipped past to fall like breakers on the hatches and boil over the scuppers, rolling aft. From handhold to handhold she struggled, now soaring skyward, now falling.

She reached the fo'c's'le head gangway. She climbed four steps, got a fresh grip on the hand-rail, and peered out into the teeth of the storm. She looked straight into the black, inexorable face of the Old Man of the Sea. His icy breath shoved her face back, his whiskers lashed past her. And all her ancient heritage rose up in the girl's throat and made her glad.

Then something made her pause.

Certainly it was the same ship. Yet it had changed. All pride, all assurance, had been wrung from that moving mountain of steel. It struggled on, but slug-

One of your favorites, Phyllis Duganne, has written a boarding school story for November—

gishly, careened at a fixed angle like a fighter who has been knocked crooked. No soul was visible. The port-holes of the superstructure were blind eyes. The ship grunted. She looked—a derelict.

Sally Quorn's eyes clouded. All her joy in the gale ebbed away.

Up there, a wheelhouse window banged open, a megaphone pushed out, a bellowing voice fought up wind to her: "Come back—ye crazy little fool!"

She went back, inching under the lee of the weather bulwark. She was crestfallen and grave.

She ate her supper in silence, her ears alert to catch any comments of the officers at the table. There were none. Uncle 'Bastian ate little, sucked his toothpick and cocked his head to listen. The chief engineer stirred his tea round and round as if by that motion he could keep his turbines stirring. The boyish little third mate prattled on about home.

Silently, after supper, Sally Quorn struggled down to her cabin and went to bed. Somebody had put a guard rail on her berth, and she needed it.

She dreamed that Uncle 'Bastian had ordered her to stand on her head for the rest of her life. In an earnest effort to dissuade him she awoke to find his command already carried out. If she wasn't on her head, she was the next thing to it. Even in the pitch blackness of her cabin she felt her berth tilted far down, so that her head was far below her feet.

Reaching for the electric light, she turned the switch. Nothing happened. The room was cold and draughty. She groped out of bed, laid a hand on the radiator, opened its valve. Nothing happened. She stood braced in the middle of the floor, and in the darkness listened. As it rolled, the ship was full of little creaking noises. But the vibrant song of the turbines had stopped.

Sally Quorn pulled on her clothes and ran out of her room. She was trembling all over, but she did not feel afraid. The force of the wind had died to a low moaning. But at each roll the ship seemed heavier, less inclined to lift. Men shouted a slow measured song, forward—it was the hand-pump chantey her father had taught her; another group of men took up the song, aft. Water gushed and poured along the well-decks. It was not waves coming aboard; it was water being pumped out of her to keep her afloat.

A meager gray dawn was beginning to lighten the east as Sally Quorn opened the wheelhouse door. A quartermaster stood stiffly by the useless wheel. Behind him, Uncle 'Bastian and the chief and the radio man looked at each other, their faces worn and gray.

"It's no great leak in her bow," the chief was saying. "With the hand pumps I can keep her afloat. If we could get her anywhere."

Sebastian Mather stared at his operator. "Must be somebody near," he said. "After all the times I've borne a hand, to be left like this—"

"There may be somebody near, now, sir," Sparks caught him up. "There wasn't an hour ago, when my storage battery died."

"I don't like to leave her," Mather went on as if they'd been all through

that before. "Every stick's insured. But there's our record, Chief. We'll never get another one like the *Malacca*—"

There was a long silence. Again the captain broke it. "My eye! Can't you do something with those dratted machines?"

The chief shook his grizzled head. "Week's work. I told you we needed overhauling. But you were in a hurry—"

"Don't bring that up! It's her owners are always in a hurry."

Voices broke under the strain. There was another silence, angry, helpless.

Sally Quorn looked aft. The wind, she saw, had changed. That steady southwesterly was coming in again over the *Malacca's* quarter, crinkling the tops of the storm's waves. She looked at the two stubby cargo masts back there, their booms triced neatly upright. She looked forward at the two other masts, lower with the dip of the ship's bow.

All four, idle.

Sally Quorn opened her mouth. Shut it. Opened it again. A step brought her close to the three men, and then it was too late to retreat, for they saw her.

"You?" snapped Uncle 'Bastian. "Come now, back to bed."

Sally Quorn's face was white, her eyes were big and pleading. In five seconds, she guessed, her life on the sea would be a memory. Nevertheless, "I was just thinking," she said in a low, firm voice, "If—if you would be willing to p-put leg-of-mutton sails on those c-cargo masts, she'd go somewhere, wouldn't she?" In breathless haste she finished, and fled from Uncle 'Bastian's wrath.

"H'm. Just what I was thinking," growled the chief engineer. The radio man was grinning. But Uncle 'Bastian had not stirred. His mouth hung open. Anger had died out of his eyes, and in them lay a queer look—chagrin.

He exploded. "Ha! Why not?" His weathered face beamed. As if to himself he added: "Len, old timer—you win!"

Only two days late, the motor-ship *Malacca Queen* passed Cap Finistere abeam, and slowly but surely entered the magnificent roadstead of Brest. She was a sight to make the inhabitants of that ancient, terraced town rub their eyes.

What drove her was sails—the queerest sails ever seen. Jury-rigged to cargo booms of her four masts they hung, four lumpy triangles patched grotesquely and of assorted colors. Black tarpaulins rubbed hems with white weather cloths, and gray-blue ship's blankets, and bright yellow oilskins, and—yes, woven defiantly into the belying foresail, the glaring red of the skipper's underwear.

In her wheelhouse, a girl steered her—special concession for value received. That girl's eyes glowed with something more than pride; she obeyed the brief words of the pilot behind her with quickness and care. Now the pilot's lips moved, but not over an order: "While the chief sees to his tinkering," mused Captain Mather, "I'll just get the Frenchies to cut me a proper suit of sails." He rubbed his burnished nose. "In case of need."

The girl hardly heard him. Her lips were moving, too. Suddenly her laugh rang out, triumphantly. "Breath of the sea," Sally Quorn murmured.



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It concerns a strange foreign girl and has a thrilling surprise at the end



Here's Money for Fall Fun!

"WHAT a perfect gypsy you are, Nan," said the girls at the Hallowe'en party.

You'd have thought so, too. For a jaunty braid-trimmed bolero . . . a glowing silken scarf and kerchief . . . hoops in her ears had transformed Nan into a lovely dusky maiden. Her eyes shone as if she knew a wonderful secret. . . . And here it is:

Dear Manager: What a thrilling time I had at the Hallowe'en party, in the lovely costume I paid for with \$7.00 earned in The Girls' Club. Everybody admired it. I'm in high school, you know, and I'm so glad to have plenty of money for silk hose, high school expenses and Girl Scout equipment. Thanks for the handy fountain pen which just came as a prize.—*Nan Morris, Illinois.*

School money . . . fun money! What girl doesn't need plenty of dollars now when parties and school activities are coming?

And our Girls' Club can help you earn the money and glorious prizes to enjoy your fall fun.

Then when the girls plan a party you'll feel so independent because you can "pay your share" from your own purse. You'll enjoy buying a new hat with your own earnings . . . you'll be happy when you can start a bank account of your own.

These enthusiastic members add their words of praise for The Club:

Dear Club Manager: Within two weeks after I had joined The Girls' Club, I earned \$8.50 for a new sports dress. And besides I won a string of glowing pearls that make me feel so dressed up.—*Doris B., Florida.*

\$5.00 in Two Afternoons

Dear Manager: As to the money I earned, it was easy. In two afternoons I earned \$5.00—enough to pay for a pair of shoes. Unless I'm very much mistaken, Club dollars will pay all my fall expenses.—*Edna S., Oregon.*

Won't YOU Join Us?

We want you, too, to know the joys of earning money and fascinating prizes in our Girls' Club. Won't you join us now? A note, "*Dear Manager: Please tell me about The Girls' Club,*" will bring all the details from me in a hurry. Also, please tell me your age. Address:

Manager of The Girls' Club

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

1078 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

A Place on "The Herald"

(Continued from page 14)

briskly. "See if you can get a good story. She's a Belgian, probably was a child during the war. Thanks for coming in."

Finding herself abruptly dismissed, Eloise walked blindly back to her room.

"Hateful girl!" All her flaming resentment at Carlisle's indifferent manner, at her easy authority, were in those whispered words. "I won't do this assignment! I won't! I won't!" But then her chin came up. "Yes, I'm going to do that assignment! I'll drag a story from that Belgian girl that will force Carlisle Martin to give me a place on her old *Herald*."

Filled with this determination, she entered Nanette Michon's room with a slightly belligerent air a little later. However, once seated, somehow or other, the feeling of spiteful determination fell away from Eloise. It was a restful place, that room of the Belgian girl. It seemed to reflect the gentleness that shone in its owner's eyes, now turned upon Eloise with smiling surprise.

"I 'ave been 'oping," said Nanette's voice with its odd, little foreign accent, "I 'ave been 'oping so much that you would come to see me!"

Eloise rather stared. "You have?" She sat silent a moment. "Why?" she asked.

Nanette smiled at her again. "Because—well, perhaps because you are new 'ere at 'arwood, as I am new. But perhaps mostly because you 'ave the—how you call eet?—the understanding face!"

Eloise was interested, of course. And rather touched. "We haven't had a chance to become acquainted," she began awkwardly, "because—"

Nanette's comprehensive glance followed the other girl's to her lame foot. She nodded kindly. "I know. It is 'ard for me to get about, so I do not meet those whom I would like to meet."

Here was the opening Eloise had sought. It was exactly that moment for the searching, personal question designed to draw Nanette's past history from her. "Oh, you were in the war, then? You were injured?" How easy it had sounded in Eloise's own room! But somehow the words which were to have acted as a wedge for that pitiless ferreting out of Nanette's childhood in war-torn Belgium now would not be uttered. Instead, Eloise impulsively stood up and came over to seat herself near her hostess.

"Will you let me come to see you sometimes when I—when it's lonely?" she asked, her manner softening.

"But yes!" nodded Nanette gladly. "And when you are 'appy, too!"

"'Appy!" Eloise repeated it and laughed. And Nanette joined in with such sincerity that any barrier of difference in birthplace or upbringing was gone.

"I 'ave 'ard work to spick my aitches," apologized Nanette, with another laugh.

After a little, Eloise sobered. She looked around the room.

"It is lovely, this room!" she acknowledged. "But I wonder why? The room itself is no different from the others on this corridor, or mine either. Yet it's different, Nanette—it's more peaceful!

Maybe it's you who makes it different."

The lame girl laughed, shook her head. "Eet is because you 'ave brought friendship into eet that you find eet different."

Friendship! And a friend could not pry—could not be rudely curious!

Eloise, hastily jamming a pencil and pad into the pocket of her sweater got to her feet. "Will you let me go down to dinner with you tonight?"

Nanette smiled. "Indeed, yes!"

Later, Eloise pondered the incident. "I couldn't ask her about the war!" she thought amazedly. "I've lost my chance on *The Herald*. But I don't care!"

Before dinner that evening, Carlisle found on her desk the paper containing the afternoon's assignment with a few words beneath the assignment title.

"I cannot do this assignment," said Eloise's brief message.

Later, after dinner that evening, after she had helped Nanette back to her room and she, herself, had returned to the study hall, Eloise, instead of translating Latin, found herself staring into space. Her heart, despite Nanette's friendship, rather ached, she discovered. She had wanted that editorship badly. And now, no more chances would be offered to her. To throw down an assignment was as much as to say, "I don't care to try!" And places on *The Harwood Herald* staff were too prized to go a-begging.

Why had she ever come to Harwood, she asked herself dimly. She knew that it was because her father had said that it would be good for her. But if this sort of thing were good for her, Eloise told herself bitterly, then she didn't like it! She stifled a great, shuddering sigh, and looked around her. The next instant she started back amazed!

Surrounding her was the entire staff of *The Harwood Herald*.

Carlisle spoke first. "We have come," she said incredibly, "to offer you the sports' editorship on *The Herald* if you will accept it!"

Eloise stared at her wildly. "I—don't understand," she mumbled. "I—why, I refused your last assignment!"

"We know you did!" burst out Julie, while Fatty and Renée smiled at Eloise and tall Barbara nodded at her kindly.

"That's just it!" cried Carlisle. "You've proven yourself, beyond doubt, Eloise Grayson, to be the kind of girl we want on *The Herald*! You're just fine—and we love you for not getting Nanette's story, for you might have hurt her! I—with my editorial viewpoint—hadn't realized that until I began to wonder why you refused the assignment. Then it came to me. Will you accept the place?"

"Will I!" cried Eloise in her turn. She looked around at them with shining eyes. "I'd love to! And—and—do you mind if I run up and tell Nanette I'm on *The Herald*? She'd love to hear it!"

"Oh," exclaimed Carlisle, "take us, too."

Eloise smiled at her and made an inviting gesture which included them all. "Come on!" she said and led the way.

"Lou Henry Hoover—The Girl Next Door," an impression of the First Lady

Red Coats and Blue

(Continued from page 24)

them, for supper, rooms, fresh horses and every attention from landlords and servants were theirs at a word from her.

"Father, who is she?" Gretta asked when they were alone, all the cares and terrors of the day forgotten.

"She is the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll," the Captain answered. "She was the reigning toast when I was younger and she is still beautiful. She has asked us to take tea with her in her sitting room. She saw Governor Tryon when he was here last year and knows General Burgoyne and she has first hand information about the war."

That evening Gretta listened to a conversation for once without interruption, for when she grew tired of politics and battles she could look at the lovely Duchess.

CHAPTER IV

Mr. Jimmy—and a Fortune

The Duchess was on her way to visit the Duchess of Newcastle at Clumber in Nottingham, and she persuaded the Captain to break their journey there.

"They will be delighted to receive you both. Do not refuse me. It will add greatly to my security to have you in my party, since we pass through Sherwood Forest."

"Is the forest very big?" asked Gretta.

"It is nearly all destroyed," sighed the Duchess, "but there is an oak here and there which may have sheltered Robin Hood and Maid Marion. You will see them. There are still highwaymen."

They traveled slowly, for the fall of snow had made the roads treacherous, and they crossed the River Soar by a flooded ford. But the Duchess told Gretta stories of Court, of her travels, so the day passed quickly.

They were crossing a wild and marshy plain, from which emerged clumps of trees and dense shrubbery. The light was fading with a rhythmic movement. A few moments ago everything had been gray and black; now the same things were blue and mauve; soon they would all merge in the deepening dusk. The wooded knoll beyond the narrow bridge stood out against a stretch of marshy water.

Just as they drove on to the bridge, where there was only room enough to pass with care, a cloaked rider emerged from the wooded knoll, blocking the way. The postillions drew their horses to a halt, the coachman drew his flint lock. "Make way for Her Grace, fellow," he shouted, "or you shall be blown—"

A clear laugh was the reply. Gretta, who had poked an inquisitive head out of a lowered window, saw the rider as well as the dusk would permit and gave an exclamation of surprise. She knew that bronzed face; she and Amory had looked upon it in the hut. The lovely mare he rode was marked with a broad band, like a necklace, around her throat.

"How do you know that yon wood is not full of my followers, sirrah?" he exclaimed. "But come, we are keeping the lady waiting and that is not my wish."

(Continued on page 34)

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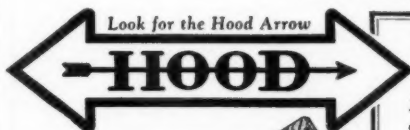
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This article was written by one who knows Mrs. Hoover well



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(PLEASE PRINT)

Name

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City State

Red Coats and Blue

(Continued from page 33)

Captain Cameron had leaped down from the chaise and now came forward on foot to the end of the bridge. He pushed his pistol back into its case.

"You have some communication to make to Her Grace?" he asked.

The stranger's face reddened slightly.

"I have. I hope that the Duchess will be advised by me. A lane runs through the farm you are about to reach. It will join another lane about two miles east of Nottingham Road. If you follow these two lanes, and rejoin the main road at the Gay Peacock Inn you will avoid trouble."

"But, sir," the Captain objected, "we do not know you. How can we be sure you speak the truth?"

The Duchess herself replied to this.

"It is Jimmy—" she spoke from the window, "Jimmy Car—" But she was interrupted by the stranger.

"Please—not that—" he begged her. "Your servant, madam," he bowed deeply. "You will trust me?"

"Of course. But, Jimmy, where are you going? Why must there be this mystery?"

He laughed again. "Politics, dear madam. All politics. And now we must part, greatly as I regret it. Sir, I salute you. Mademoiselle, madam, permit me—" He rode adroitly to the side of the coach, kissed the Duchess' extended hand, reined back his horse, wheeled, waving his plumed hat, and galloped swiftly out of sight.

"Drive on," the Duchess directed the postillion, "and do as that gentleman said."

The Duchess leaned back, her face grave.

"Headlong, reckless, generous and wild," she said. "No worse. We were friends when he was a little lad and I but a girl. He gave me a romantic devotion as lads will and quarreled with one who spoke ill of me—"

"I thought it was a quarrel over cards." Gretta put in, forgetting her promise. The Duchess, startled, asked her how she knew, and Gretta, knowing this to be Mr. Jimmy's friend, told her.

"Yes—'tis his loyalty to say that. They made cards the excuse."

It was nearly dark when they reached the main road and they could only just make out the sign of the Gay Peacock.

The host was waiting at the door of the inn, all attention to their wants. "I was told that Your Grace might be passing," he informed them. "You will find us prepared with such as we can provide."

At supper the Duchess seemed anxious and preoccupied. "I am uneasy about Jimmy. He warned me, and if there were outlaws waiting to rob the coach they would revenge themselves on him."

There was a moon that night, which shone on the strip of road below Gretta's window. When she went to bed she dreamed, and perhaps because of this she wakened with a start to hear the galloping hoofs of a horse, slush-slushing, not far away. She ran to the window and there in the moonlight she saw plainly the horse with the white necklace, galloping wildly, without a rider.

Mary Ellen takes up a new sport; this time, horseback riding—

"Jeanie," she cried, "wake up, wake up."
Poor Jeanie, stiff and weary, started out of a sound sleep with a cry. "Is it a fire?" she cried. "Dinna forgit yer mither's pearls," for Jeanie took her responsibilities seriously even when she was half asleep.

"No—no—but we must find Father. I'm sure something dreadful has happened to Mr. Jimmy."

The Captain had not retired and Jeanie found him in the inn parlor exchanging jokes and reminiscences with the landlord who was an old soldier. He came at Gretta's call. The landlord, who had followed him upstairs, overheard.

"I'll send a couple of lads out to look," the landlord said promptly.

There was no more sleep for Gretta. Wrapped in blankets, she sat by the window and watched. The Duchess, who had heard the movement and voices, joined her and they watched together.

At last what they awaited came—first a twinkling light, then voices and the tramp of feet. They had galloped forth but they were walking back and the Captain held on the horse before him the figure of a man, swaying and lurching in the saddle. He was lifted down and laid on a mattress on the parlor floor.

"We found him beside the road. He would have bled to death. I've tied up his shoulder, but he'll want care."

The landlady and the Duchess were tearing up linen for bandages, while the men undressed the wounded man and examined his injuries. The worst harm had been done by some sort of blow. His hair was matted with blood. When this was washed away and the cuts dressed the Captain said, "He'll be all right. But it's lucky Gretta saw the mare. Gretta, you've saved a life tonight."

Gretta looked down, found that Jimmy's eyes were open and that he was looking at her.

"A poor life to have saved, Mistress Gretta, but at your service for good or ill," he whispered.

Mr. Jimmy would not explain what had happened to him on that moonlit road, but he did not contradict the Duchess when she guessed that he had been attacked in revenge because he had warned her of an ambush.

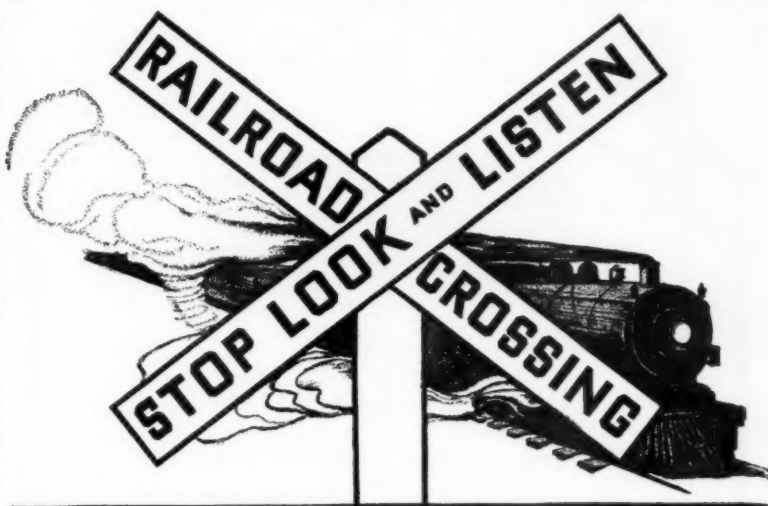
On the second day after this episode, the little party set out for Clumber, the wounded man propped with cushions by the Duchess' side. It was a tedious and painful journey for Mr. Jimmy but he bore it with gallantry.

Clumber House, reached at last, seemed to open comfortable arms to the travelers and its master and mistress accepted their unexpected guests gladly.

Morning brought new discoveries, for there was much to be seen in the old park. The Duchess of Newcastle insisted on their remaining a second night and their own Duchess seconded the edict, while Mr. Jimmy reinforced their commands by a plea of his own.

"You can't desert me so soon, Mistress Gretta," he declared. "He who saves life assumes a vast responsibility. You must regard me now as your special charge. What shall I do with the life you have preserved? It is for you to tell me."

"Why don't you go home?" Gretta
(Continued on page 36)



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THE warning signs, "Stop, Look and Listen", have become merely a part of the roadside landscape to many an automobile driver. Heedlessly he passes ten, twenty—perhaps fifty of them—safely. At the fifty-first comes the crash.

Last year 8,383 persons were killed outright or injured in automobile accidents at grade crossings in the United States. There are about 235,000 grade crossings in the country; more than 93% of them are unprotected.

With millions of new automobiles on the roads each year, accidents at grade crossings are increasing at an alarming rate, for the reason that most of the States have no organized program for protecting motor traffic which must cross railroad tracks.

New York, under wise leadership, has shown how to solve the problem. Before the Empire State adopted her present plan, but 10 crossings a year, on an average, were done away with. This year, the first in which the railroads, the State and communities have co-operated—the railroads paying 50% of the cost, the State 49% and communities 1%—85 death-traps are marked for immediate removal. Next year New York hopes to eliminate 150 more of its worst danger spots.



Other States are becoming aroused to this terrible and needless destruction of life and property and are taking steps to prevent it. Canada, too, is taking action.

It will require many years to complete the work. It is estimated that it will ultimately cost twelve billions of dollars. But what railroads and States and communities ought to do is to begin at once with those grade crossings which should be abolished first.

Grade crossings are dangerous not only to automobilists and pedestrians, but to people who are traveling on trains. The first section of a limited train struck an automobile and killed two persons. The train stopped and the second section plunged into it, killing thirty-two passengers in the first section.

Wherever the law provides facilities for eliminating grade crossings, citizens should see that public officials perform their duty and abolish these death traps. Wherever the laws must be amended, people should meet the issue squarely and urge prompt action by legislative bodies.

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Red Coats and Blue

(Continued from page 35)

proposed promptly and practically. Mr. Jimmy shook his head. "The roof is falling in and the windows leak and my father is in France."

"Then—" Gretta had a brilliant idea—"go to the provinces and fight the rebels like Father."

The Duchess glanced up.

"An idea, Jimmy," she smiled, "perhaps you'll win the Royal pardon."

Early the next day, rested and cheered, the travelers resumed their journey.

"Don't forget, Mistress Gretta," Mr. Jimmy said in farewell, "whenever you want a life to throw away, there's mine."

Gretta laughed, then she grew sober. "I shall make Father take me to the Colonies, too," she declared, "and you will come, Mr. Jimmy, and we'll whip the rebels, and live in Virginia and hunt foxes, and ride and swim and be happy. And the Duchess will come to visit us. Father, say you will take me!"

But the Captain only smiled and shook his head as the chaise began to move.

They reached Manchester on a Saturday after a long and uncomfortable drive. The town was gay, for it was market day, and the booths, with their varied wares, attracted Jeanie and Gretta.

While they lingered in the market Gretta was accosted by a gypsy woman who begged to read her fortune, but Jeanie motioned the woman away.

"But I should like vastly to have my fortune told," Gretta protested. "Why will you not let me, Jeanie? It would be diverting—oh, Jeanie, please." But the Scotch woman shook her dark head and pulled Gretta away. Gretta's eyes flashed. Her father was nowhere to be seen. As Jeanie paused to look at something Gretta slipped into the crowd and found the gypsy. Putting some silver into her hand, she asked for her fortune. The old hag bent over the fresh young palm.

"Now will I tell ye these three things—" The thin old voice pierced the hubbub made by folk who crowded the market. "Ere the May bloom twice in the hedgerow, ye'll have seen more water than is in all the lakes and rivers of Britain rolled into one, sharper fire than parts the clouds over Helvellyn when witches ride, and a sight so sad ye'll not forget it though ye live to see all the sadness man's life can hold. And I'll tell ye this more. There'll be three friends for ye—one ye have saved, one will save you, and t'other ye'll desert in his hour o' need, though ye'll like him best of all. And two more things I'll tell ye. Trust him who brings ye back the bowknot ye've lost from your sleeve, and when ye've had such news as ye cannot live and bear, ye'll know it is not true, for ye are of the favored ones, and your star rides high in the heavens."

The old creature dropped Gretta's hand and shambled away. Gretta returned to Jeanie and her worried father.

After that day, Gretta was determined to make up to her father for the anxiety she had caused him and she bore the fatigue of the next weeks without a complaint. The roads were in a terrible condition and it was more and more difficult to secure good horses as

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"Wild Olive", a story of the Olympic Games of long ago—

they went on, but at last the wheels of the chaise rolled onto Scotch soil and the travelers felt that they had come home.

They were within a few miles of the city of Glasgow when, at the sight of familiar plaid swinging along the road before them, the Captain called the postillion to halt. Three soldiers turned suspiciously at the Captain's hail, but they paused as he rode up, asking some questions in Gaelic. Jeanie, who had been dozing with some difficulty on the back seat of the chaise, surprised them by waking suddenly and crying, "Jamsie, Jamsie," as she leaped from her perch, throwing her arms around him without ado. She offered not the slightest excuse for her conduct, but Jamsie himself seemed to feel the need of explanation for he turned to the Captain and said in English, "'Tis Jeanie, sir, ye ken."

Meanwhile one of the soldiers was speaking earnestly to the Captain who seemed troubled by the story he told.

"'Tis a shame," he asserted warmly. "These men supposed they were enlisting in the 42nd Highlanders. Instead of that they were drafted into an English regiment and actually asked to wear trousers! The last insult to a Highlander who has always worn kilts."

When they had left the men, Jeanie explained Jamsie to Gretta. "Jamsie and mesel' were plighted this lang syne," she said, "but the land was puir, and his auld mither nae grand in her bones, and wedded we couldna be. So Jamsie, he went for a soldier, though his mither was sair loath, and he's been awa' at the wars but he's put by a pretty siller and in six months' time he'll hae enow. He was wishing to join the 42nd, and that's why he left his ain regiment, for he kenned weel there'r mair chances of promotion wheer the fightin' is, and 'tis in America the Yankees be, ye ken. An' land to be had for the soldiers when the war's ended, maybe, and what they name a 'bounty' for enlisting. If my Jamsie gangs to fight the Yankees, maybe I'll gang mesel', fer 'twould be sair sad parting again, and Jamsie's a fine upstanding laddie, and doesna put his hand to his pocket more often than he need."

They passed through the city of Glasgow, with its great cathedral, and stopped at a mansion called Levenside.

There were family prayers that night, before Gretta was sung to sleep by the river which ran through the park.

Prayers began the day, the Laird reading to the assembled household from a large and ancient Bible, his voice dealing reverently with the words. But as prayers ended, a disturbance in the great hall startled Gretta. A lad stood among them showing the signs of hard travel.

"An ye please," he spoke, "I've news that will nae bid. 'Tis the three Highlanders, and ye please, yer honor. 'Tis taken for deserters they be, and myself sent post to bring the Captain, or shot they'll be for certain."

Jeanie started from her place, taking the lad by the shoulder and shaking him.

"'Tis no my Jamsie ye're clackin' o'!" she cried. "My Jamsie is no deserter and the mon who says the word is a leear!"

The servants clustered around the lad while Captain Cameron questioned him.

"We must go at once," he turned to the Laird. But that gentleman, accustomed to decisive action, had already given orders for horses to be saddled.

It was arranged that Jeanie and Gretta should go to the house of a lawyer in Glasgow, and Levenside sped them on their way with hopeful and confident words. The ride seemed long but was over at last, and they reached the house where they were to wait. Poor Jeanie could not rest.

"My Jamsie, sae braw and sae gude," she murmured. "Him I mind as a wee laddie, barefoot and bold, and I'd watch him and think him wonderful, though I'd no tell him that, ye ken."

The house of Mr. Ferguson was not far from Glasgow Green. A woman with a plaid shawl flung over her head rushed by outside. Someone shouted, "'Tis the deserters to be shot on the Green."

Mrs. Ferguson, with white cheeks, entered the room. "Do not go, my poor soul," she besought Jeanie. "Do not—" But Jeanie was not to be stopped. She sped through the doorway, and Gretta, a sob caught in her throat, followed. They flew, side by side, guided by the shouting, and suddenly they were on the great open space of Glasgow Green.

Here was a scene to take away the breath. Gretta had never seen such a crowd of excited men and women.

Then Gretta saw her father, and near him were the three kilted Highlanders, surrounded by a guard of soldiers.

Jeanie was pushing and elbowing her way toward the prisoners and Gretta following in her wake, when all at once the crowd ceased to scramble.

"Harken—can ye no? The officer wad speak. Still yer clacken."

There was something like a pause in the hubbub, and then Gretta saw that her father was mounting a rough improvised platform. She could hear only a word now and then.

"What did he say? Did ye ken? Tell us, can ye no?" A murmur went up.

"Oh," cried Gretta, seizing Jeanie's hand, "can't someone tell us what he said? Jeanie is going to be married to Jamsie, the tallest soldier, and that is my father who spoke."

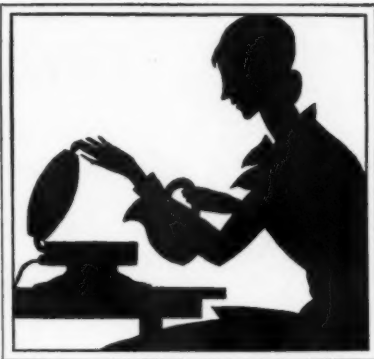
The temper of the crowd had changed and Jeanie was suddenly pushed forward, Gretta beside her. It had taken the people a moment to understand the Captain's statement, but now they began to cheer. As Jeanie came forward with outstretched entreating hands, a great cry arose, so that the Captain, taking Jeanie by the shoulders, had to shout.

"They've been pardoned—Jeanie—and they'll be drafted to my regiment."

There was wild rejoicing in Glasgow that day which waxed high as night approached. Indeed, late that night there were songs sung and toasts drunk which would not have pleased the German-English King in his Palace of St. James.

"Charlie is my darling—my darling, my darling—" Gretta went to sleep, a happy smile on her lips.

The gypsy's prophecy begins to come true as Gretta unsuspectingly starts on a voyage next month.



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Samuel Scoville writes of a race in which winning meant more than glory



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The Way with Croquettes

(Continued from page 20)

next batch of croquettes the same way. Be sure that the fat is always between 375 and 385 degrees Fahrenheit. If a thermometer for testing is not available, use a small cube of bread. If the bread browns in forty counts, counted slowly, the fat is hot enough to fry in.

If you haven't a frying basket, carefully drop the croquettes into the fat, using the spatula and spoon until three or four have been put in. Then turn them over with a fork. When brown, remove them to a paper-lined basket.

Just a word or two of caution to you who are trying this out for the first time. First, the kettle must not be more than two-thirds full of fat. If too full, it may bubble over when the cold food is put in, which is dangerous. Only a small number of croquettes should be cooked at once. Too many cool the fat and keep it below the browning point.

Croquettes have several very excellent characteristics to recommend them: They are attractive to look at and delicious to the taste. They furnish a nice way of using up left overs. They are easy to concoct. They have a great variety of uses, and may serve as the vegetable or meat course, entrée or appetizer.

The following recipes will illustrate the new method. Since potato croquettes are the easiest of all to make, I shall give a recipe for these, which will serve as a sort of pattern for all croquettes.

Potato Croquettes

8 to 10 medium sized 2 egg yolks
potatoes 2 egg whites
2 small onions bread crumbs
1 tablespoon butter frying fat
1 teaspoon celery salt

Wash the potatoes. Peel a strip around each one and put to cook in boiling salted water. While the potatoes are cooking, mince the onions very fine and put into a large bowl. Add the butter. As soon as the potatoes are done, peel them, put them through the ricer or mash them and add to the onion and butter in the bowl. Add the celery salt and the egg yolks and beat all together. Add a little cream or milk if the mixture seems too thick or stiff. Taste to see if properly seasoned. Divide this mixture into ten equal parts. Shape each into a cylinder as described above and put away in the refrigerator until ready to use. Then beat up the egg whites. Add two tablespoons of milk and make some bread crumbs. Dip the croquettes in egg and in bread crumbs and fry in hot fat. Other vegetable croquettes may be made from mashed turnips, squash, sweet potatoes and parsnips.

Sausage Croquettes

1 onion 1 cup hot, mashed
1 tablespoon butter potatoes
1 cup bread crumbs 1 egg yolk
½ cup sausage meat

While the potatoes are boiling, mince the onions and put in a big bowl. Add



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Soup to serve before the Thanksgiving turkey comes on—

the butter, bread crumbs and sausage meat. As soon as the potatoes are done, peel, mash and add. Mix very thoroughly, and proceed as above.

For meat or fish croquettes, add one cup of well seasoned minced meat or fish to the recipe for potato croquettes, or substitute a cup of bread crumbs for one cup of mashed potatoes as follows:

Salmon Croquettes

1 teaspoon capers	1 tablespoon minced
1 cup bread crumbs	parsley
1 cup minced salmon	1 cup hot, mashed
1 teaspoon lemon	potato
juice	2 egg yolks

Proceed as for potato croquettes. Left over soup meat, put through the food chopper and well seasoned, or veal, ham, chicken or egg may be used in croquettes for the main course.

Spinach Croquettes

1 onion minced	2 tablespoons butter
1 cup bread crumbs	1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon flour	1 pint hot minced
½ cup minced ham	and drained
1 tablespoon lemon	spinach
juice	2 egg yolks

Proceed as for potato croquettes.

Rice Croquettes

2 tablespoons butter	2 tablespoons minc-
1 teaspoon salt	ed green pepper
2 tablespoons	1 pint hot rice well
minced onion	drained
	2 egg yolks

Mix well and spread on a plate and put into the refrigerator for at least an hour. Then make into croquettes, egg, crumb and fry.

This may be changed to a sweet croquette and used as a dessert. Omit the onion and green pepper. Add two tablespoons of brown sugar, a half cup of finely minced raisins and a teaspoon of grated lemon peel.

The menu for this month, which is given on page twenty, is built around the croquettes. The rules of menu making exemplified in this dinner menu are:

1. The first course of a meal is usually an appetizer of some sort.
2. Each meal usually contains one protein dish. In this case, it is the salmon croquettes.
3. The day's dietary should contain two or more vegetables. In this instance, we have given two.
4. A dinner or luncheon usually contains potatoes in some form or rice, macaroni, or some other starchy food. Since the croquettes contain mashed potato, potato was omitted.
5. Vegetables and protein dishes are usually accompanied by a sauce of some sort. A pimento sauce, which you all know how to make, was added.
6. Each day's dietary should contain one raw vegetable, preferably a green, leafy vegetable. Here we have it in the lettuce salad.
7. The dinner salad should be small and light. Again the lettuce salad fills the bill.
8. Each meal should contain fruit in some form. Here we have used baked apple. Stuff it with minced canned fruit and a little grated lemon peel.



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"TIRED?" asked Adele's partner—a senior—after they'd been dancing for quite a while.

"Not at all," answered Adele. "Can't tire me out!"

"But . . . but aren't you the girl who used to have to sit out two dances, last year, for every one you danced? Where did you get all this pep, may I ask, and all that lovely color in your cheeks? I wish I could look as gorgeously healthy as you do this minute," she added wistfully.

"If you won't tell a soul, I'll tell you," promised Adele, "I've been taking a beauty course."

"A beauty course! What? Where?" asked the senior, breathlessly.

"Yes. A beauty course. But not in a beauty shop. No creams or lotions. Just . . . plenty of sleep—plenty of fresh air and exercise—plenty of good, nourishing food, and . . ."

"And . . .?"

"A wonderful meal-time drink. You'll love it. Come on over to my room and I'll make you some now. It's Postum made with milk. Now just watch. All you do is add Instant Postum to hot (not

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"Like it? Of course you do! I knew you would! Do you know, I like it so well I never touch my old caffeine drinks any more.

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That is what Winifred Moses discusses in her next cooking article

Changes in Price of Girl Scout Uniform

AS announced in the two preceding issues of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* the price of the Girl Scout uniform, sizes 8 to 12, will be increased from \$4.25 to \$5.25; and sizes 14 to 44 from \$4.75 to \$5.75.

This decision has been reached after a careful study carried on during the past year by your Business Committee and the National Finance Committee.

Their investigation of the cost of manufacturing the Girl Scout green uniform, as compared to the old khaki jean; their conclusions drawn from their findings of how the increased cost of the material and workmanship of the new uniform is related to the budget of the National Organization for 1930, and the sources of income by which Girl Scouting is carried on throughout the country, are fully set forth in the August and September issues of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

These prices go into effect October 1st, 1929.

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Sorrel Does His Stunt

(Continued from page 18)

if you are not minding your feet they may shoot from under you in the general direction of the pool below," he warned.

Nadine had never seen anything quite so lovely. She could see hundreds of miles across forests, mountains, rivers, lakes, and valleys, and over the whole sky stretched like a gorgeous dome.

"Behold Evermay at your left," Albert invited.

Nadine trained the glass until presently she picked out the smooth tableland far below. The white house, from that elevation, looked like an immense bird that hopped down and settled in the colorful garden of columbine, cosmos, larkspur, corn-flowers, pansies, roses and golden glow.

"Glad you came?" Albert asked. "Even if it was a bit hard?" Herbert added.

"Oh Berts, I am so glad. You are dear to bring me."

The boys were pleased at her enthusiasm. It was fun to do things for Nadine. She didn't complain if the going was difficult.

"If we are to get to the other side of the ledge, we'll have to start," Albert reminded them.

"I hate to leave because it's so lovely," Nadine said.

"You'll get used to it," Albert informed her.

"Perhaps you'll get tired of it," Herbert suggested.

An hour later the three rode onto a huge flat boulder, very much like Jumping-off Rock, only considerably lower and much less dangerous. Here they had another good view toward the south. The Bitter Root River stretched its winding way like a blue ribbon through green fields.

"I say," proposed Albert, "how about performing the slide here?"

"This is just right for the stunt. Do it as the train passes. Then Dad and Mother will be spectators to the show."

"They always ride on the back platform in nice weather."

"Think you can, alone?"

"Sure I can," Nadine agreed quickly.

"We'll ride on and meet the parents at the Spur," said Herbert.

"And keep them from blowing up with family pride."

So it was arranged, but before they left, the twins gave Nadine a few parting instructions and precautions.

Nadine watched the boys go, and it wasn't until the swift hammer of the horses' flying hoofs died away that she glanced at the place selected for the performance of her new accomplishment.

The embankment formed the side of a bulging curve that had been dug to keep the roadbed level. The track followed close to the bend, then disappeared into a quarter-mile tunnel.

"Goodness, I hope I don't flunk," she said anxiously. "It would be dreadful to make a fizzle of it. There's just time, Sorrel, old fellow. Let's do it once for practice."

The pony backed willingly across the narrow plateau. "Now go," Nadine

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Thanksgiving in a cold and lonely house—and mystery from the sky—

shouted, her heart hammering in her throat. But, to her horror, for some reason her right foot wasn't firmly planted in the stirrup, and in trying to adjust it, it slipped off.

"Oh, wait!" Nadine's teeth chattered and she clutched the pommel, pulling one rein too tightly just as the pony needed his head for the downward plunge. He slid forward, lurched to one side, and then it seemed to the girl as if her whole body turned to jelly. She wavered, wobbled, and an instant later was turning a complete somersault through the air, landed, bounded, then slid, as if she had been shot out of a gun, feet first toward the track. Here her heel caught under something, but the rest of her went on a bit. A horrible burning pain shot from her ankle like a thousand steel points that pierced straight to her brain. She had an odd idea that she could hear something falling. Then she drifted indifferently into unconsciousness.

There had been nothing in Sorrel's whole life of nearly three years, quite so surprising as his young rider's sudden, and as far as he knew, entirely unnecessary departure from the saddle. But about the time she shot over his head, he was having troubles of his own and, although he gave a startled snort, he had to concentrate on keeping his four feet under him.

Furthermore, the gravel on that whole section started a grim race for the lower levels. He must have congratulated himself on discovering, despite the harrowing experience, that he was safe and sound, but in a moment he realized the ambitious embankment was descending so rapidly that he was already standing in gravel up to his knees.

Then Sorrel caught sight of Nadine huddled a few feet ahead of him. The gravel was piling over her, but she didn't seem to mind. Carefully he picked his way close to her side and stood at attention, but there was no light spring into the saddle.

Now he reasoned that perhaps Nadine was waiting for him to play, so with a gentle nicker he nosed her arm away from her face. But still there was no response to his advances. Besides, he was perplexed about the sand that was piling up over the girl. He knew how unpleasant that felt. He nosed her again, and nickered right in her ear. Then, muzzling about her blouse, he took a

good hold with his teeth, gave a tug—another stronger one and at last drew her across the track. Just at that moment a dead tree came tumbling down with a rush, and the approaching train burst out of the tunnel. It was still a half mile away, but he understood about trains; he must never get in front of one. So, very deliberately, he took a firmer hold, raised his head as high as he could, and trotted briskly up the track, the girl dangling limply, like a kitten, from his mouth.

He heard the train, which was getting so close that the rails vibrated. Then followed a series of shrill blasts from the exhaust as he leaped easily from its path.

What followed was amazing. The train stopped; humans burst out of it.

Some men tried to come close, but Nadine belonged to him, so he wouldn't give her up. He simply backed away.

"Hello, there, Sorrel, old fellow. It's all right." That was Mr. Evans, so he stood still and permitted the man to relieve him of his burden. "Good old boy."

"What is it? What happened?"

"I say, Jack, there's something the matter with the track around there!" It was a young trainman, and in the excitement that followed, Sorrel was forgotten for a moment. Then, Nadine opened her eyes. She heard running footsteps, a confused clamoring.

"Nadine, darling!" That was Mrs. Evans. Daddy had her in his arms and some men were standing around Sorrel.

"I'm all right," she declared jerkily, struggling to her feet. "Is Sorrel hurt?"

"He has covered himself with glory and is quite a hero," Mother told her. "If he hadn't carried you up the track, the train might have been wrecked."

Later, when they were all at home, enjoying the celebration in honor of the adopted daughter, Sorrel stood just outside the window, looking very important. Albert sprang to his feet.

"Just want to congratulate Nadine—"

"And her side partner, Sorrel—he'll have to be knighted."

"Well," Nadine laughed, "I didn't do my stunt well at all, but Sorrel did his, and I want to say this is the grandest family. I wish I'd found you long ago."

"We wish you had," declared Albert. "Better late than never," Herbert added.

Sorrel nickered something, but nobody caught just what it was, so they gave him two more lumps of sugar.

The Road to Oregon

(Continued from page 25)

Shenandoah. They have lived again the old days, and have come back richer for having had a part in a brave and romantic experience.

But even a journey to Notre Dame—how much richer it is if we stand at the door of the cathedral and see, not a wandering stream of tourists, but lovely and radiant young Mary Stuart as she came happily down this long nave as bride of the young King of France; how much more thrilling to stand under the tablet of Wilson in Geneva if we re-

member again those crystal days after the war when all Europe cheered him.

It happens that I have lived in New York all my life, so I know more about its historical places than I know about those anywhere else. It was a memorable day when I first walked along the narrow, crooked ways of downtown New York to Pearl Street and came upon Fraunce's Tavern, where George Washington dined. Not far away is Battery Park. It used to be a fashionable thoroughfare for hoop-skirted ladies. In that

(Continued on page 42)



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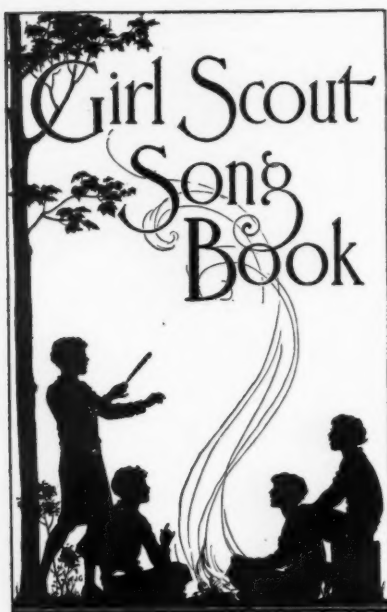
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The Road to Oregon

(Continued from page 41)

big circular building, now the Aquarium, Jenny Lind sang to huge audiences.

Further uptown, where brick and stone apartment houses now jostle one another, is the stately Jumel Mansion, into whose story is woven threads from the life of that famous statesman and tragic old man Aaron Burr, who killed the famous Alexander Hamilton in a duel and whose beloved daughter, Theodosia, sailed away in a ship that, mysteriously, never was heard from again. And there is Saint Paul's Chapel on Broadway and Vesey Street, where you may see George Washington's pew.

And so it is in Boston and San Francisco and Chicago and Charleston and Washington and scores of other places. Always, wherever people have settled, you will find spots made famous by great names and great events.

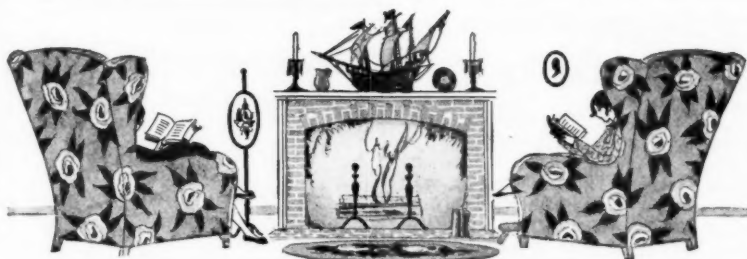
A Girl Scout in San Antonio, Texas, tells of a visit she and some of her friends made to the famous old missions of the Southwest—the Alamo where, she says, "you have a weird feeling when you go in that ghosts of the dead soldiers are behind you, and you just can't help tip-toeing and whispering instead of talking aloud." At San José, they saw a rose window, hand-carved in Spain.

A troop in Iowa took a trip to the site of the original Fort Des Moines, from which the modern city takes its name. This fort was built for the protection of the Indians against the white men, who were over-anxious to gain possession of the red man's territory, and is the only one of its kind in the United States. Troop One, of Delafield, Wisconsin, visited an historic old inn and, near the site of the home of one of the town's earliest settlers, heard stories of the founding of Delafield. A group down in New Mexico went first to see the historical places in Las Vegas and then to the home of one of the residents who remembered the days when the trains of burros that brought supplies from Colorado and Mexico, had to be closely guarded from Indian raiders.

In the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky, between two peaks, lies the trail of Daniel Boone, and a Girl Scout of Lexington went to see it one summer and also the interesting stone on another peak, marking the place where three states, Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee, touch one another. Of course, Philadelphia girls have visited the famous Independence Hall and have seen the Liberty Bell and the shop where Benjamin Franklin carried on his printing trade. And Boston residents know the Old North Church where Paul Revere looked to see the famous signals.

But you will find many places near your own home. Ask the Oldest Residents about them—every place has an Oldest Resident—and he will tell you stories of things you never knew before. Ask your families and read books and you will be ready to take up your packs and go pioneering and make for yourselves a picture of the romantic, adventurous people that made possible the present in which we are living today.

Our serial, "Red Coats and Blue," gets more exciting as it goes on—



Acquaintances in Books

By ELINOR WHITNEY

HOW many acquaintances have you made this week? How many new lives have you come into, if only for a short time? Of course, if you are going to be frightfully conscientious about thinking them up and listing them, you are going to get into difficulties and stop, disgusted with the attempt. But if you put down just the meetings that have made a real impression, it probably will not be such a tremendous list. Later, let us say, several months later—there may be only one that you will remember. It might happen that even in that short time you had made a friend. You can't expect and you don't want to make a friend every day, for then friendship would become commonplace, but you do want to make acquaintances, for in some measure they add to your understanding of people, of yourself, and of the world around you.

As this is true of people, so I believe it is true of books. You can't expect to find a book very often that satisfies you entirely and that will live in your memory for a long time. Many must serve as acquaintances. These books I am writing about will prove pleasant acquaintances for most of you. The girl heroines of them will interest and entertain you.

First there is Marise Woodson in *Marise*, by Louise Platt Hauck (Bobbs Merrill). When her brother, Allen, leaves her to marry and go on a long wedding journey, Marise goes to spend the summer in a lonely farmhouse in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri. With her are Bunchy, a family servant of long standing and great faithfulness, and Dorothy, the young sister of her brother's bride, who comes from the East to join her. When the bank in St. Louis fails in which Marise's money has been placed, it is necessary for them to take boarders in order to meet the summer expenses. Then Genevieve enters upon the scene, fat Genevieve who has to go through so much before she is acceptable. A camp of boys from a military school is situated near at hand and the young people find much to interest and mystify them in the surrounding countryside and its unusual inhabitants. There are missing pocketbooks to be traced and the weird Maid o' the Mountain to clear of suspicion. Marise is lively, sympathetic, and affectionate, so we'll add her to our special list of book acquaintances.

From Missouri we go to Louisiana

and become acquainted with the Lallane family in *The Gallant Lallanes*, by Louise H. Guyol (Harper). There are Marguerite, Merry, and Marion whose father has died. Mrs. Lallane finds herself without enough income to continue the education of her daughters, and Marguerite who wishes to be a writer has her heart set upon college. The whole family centers its endeavors upon making this possible for her. Mrs. Lallane conquers her pride and opens her fine old New Orleans home to take in paying guests, and Marion and Merry each devise original ways of earning money. As for Marguerite herself, she learns stenography and takes a position in a mill. The story moves slowly in casual southern manner with a Christmas celebration on an old plantation and Mardi Gras festivities to lend gaiety.

Now we come to another girl whom some of you already know, Serena Southcott in *Chestnut Court*, by Mabel L. Tyrrell (Harper). This story has appeared in this magazine, but if you do know it, it makes it all the more fun to talk it over. I cannot make up my mind which is the more interesting, Serena, who is so friendly, so full of ideas, and so gay, or Jeanne, who is clever, brave and ambitious. Chestnut Court, that quaint out-of-the-way corner of Paris where the two girls live, draws interesting people to it and the chestnut tree in its center gives promise of unexpected things and ultimate joy. There are charm and atmosphere in this story and a plot full of surprises. The people are real—Monsieur de Villeroze, the musician; Papa Delplace, the wig-maker; the "Duchess" and her parrot, Grand-mère who makes the finest of perfumes, to say nothing more of Serena and Jeanne and the other young people—so real that you almost feel that should you ever go to Paris you most certainly must hunt for them in Chestnut Court, especially when the chestnut tree is a mass of blossoms and streaks of sunshine are playing hide and seek on the paving stones beneath it. You might not see Madame Girard and her mysterious diamond ring that brought about such a change of fortune but undoubtedly you would see a young painter before his color-stained easel and hear the joyous and carefree tones of an old violin.

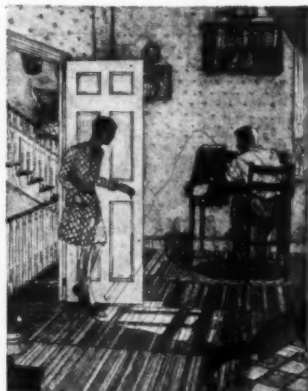
Another story of Paris, but of an

(Continued on page 44)

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Acquaintances in Books

(Continued from page 43)

earlier and a tragic period is *The Daughter of the Seine*, by Jeannette Eaton (Harper). This is the true story of Marie-Jeanne Philpon, known to history as the wise, clever and influential Madame Roland. It tells of her childhood and her girlhood spent inconspicuously as the daughter of a humble engraver living on the Pont Neuf, that old bridge that spans the Seine, and then of her vivid and brilliant career as the wife of the Minister of the Interior and the focus of the Girondist party during those terrifying years of the French Revolution. In spite of ever-changing fortunes, an unhappy love, and finally death upon the guillotine, Madame Roland's spirit is unbroken and she dies a victim of the very cause for which she labored.

Now that we are across the water and our acquaintance is widening out and deepening, there is another book of present day interest. This is *Cease Firing!*, by Winifred Hulbert (Macmillan), and is a collection of stories about boys and girls in far away places. We read about the League of Nations and the Kellogg-Briand Anti-War Pact in newspapers and magazines, but we have not had before any stories which show just how these play a definite part in given situations and how they affect boys and girls in different parts of the world. There are border troubles between Bulgaria and Greece. We read how Boris and his sister, Alenka, and his mother, Petrovna, had to leave their farm to escape from exploding shells, and then how in far away Geneva the Council began its work in settling the dispute. "Boris pictured to himself the one single sentry lying on the ground in front of the blockhouse, and thought with amazement of fifty-five governments paying attention to a thing which started with the death of one man." So it turns out in the succeeding stories that these same fifty-five member States which have signed the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact concern themselves with the fact that five-year-old Rasul in the Persian city of Kerman is too young to work at rug weaving. Mimi and Ernst had their dreams come true when the League floated the loan necessary to put Austria on its feet. In the story of *Falcon Feathers* we read how boys and girls of Czechoslovakia and Poland, whose fathers had quarreled over the Javorina Forest, brought about friendship and a settlement of the long disagreement with the help of the League. The "Sokol Club" of the two countries came together in friendly competition and the Sokols seem to be similar to the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts. There are eight stories in this book and the last one tells about the Peace Pact.

Missouri, Louisiana, Paris, Poland, and several countries at large have come before us in these few books. Certainly they have helped to widen our interest and our sympathies. Read them for yourself and see.

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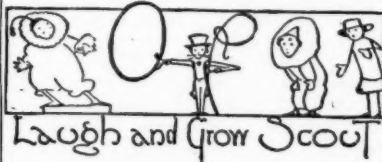


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NEW HOUSEMAID: Yes, ma'am, I always do. It's the best way to get the dirt out of sight.—Sent by ROSE ORBAN, Trenton, New Jersey.

One Thing at a Time

Bobby, coming home from his first day at school, announced proudly that he could write. To prove it, he made a great many scrawls on a piece of paper.

"But, Bobby," said his mother, "What does it say?"

"Don't know yet," said Bobby, "I haven't learned to read."—Sent by VIRGINIA ENGELMANN, St. Louis, Missouri.

Providential Facilities



A farmer in a small way walked into the offices of a large fire insurance company and intimated that he wished to insure his barn, his shed and a couple of haystacks.

"What facilities have you for extinguishing a fire in your village?" inquired the office superintendent.

The man scratched his head and pondered the question for some little time. Eventually he answered, "Well, it sometimes rains."—Sent by IRENE ROESCH, Middle Bass, Ohio.

Ruined?

Of course not!

ICE CREAM on a brand new party frock—it is exasperating, isn't it? But if the dress will wash, don't worry. Trust Fels-Naptha to give you extra help with any fabric that water alone won't harm. It is specially good for dainty things; for Fels-Naptha works well even in cool water, and does away with hard rubbing.

Tell Mother that Fels-Naptha will give her extra help with the whole family wash! The good golden soap and plentiful naptha, working together, loosen stubborn dirt and wash it away. Her grocer sells Fels-Naptha.

FELS-NAPTHA

The Golden Bar with the Clean Naptha Odor



ON THE OCEAN FRONT

The Breakers ATLANTIC CITY N.J.

PREFERRED—In all seasons by those who know and wish the best upon either the American or European Plan.

HILLMAN MANAGEMENT

PRIZE CONTEST IN BASKET WEAVING

THREE valuable prizes are offered for the three best constructed and finished reed serving trays. Anyone may enter this interesting contest. Here is your chance to make a tray that may win you a merit badge and at the same time a handsome prize. Winners will be announced in this magazine. Send your entry coupon NOW, all entries must be mailed by November 1st.

NATIONAL CRAFTS SUPPLY CO.
94 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I wish to enter your weaving contest, kindly send me full details.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Troop Number.....

(Print Name & Address)

Read Helen Perry Curtis' article in the November "American Girl"

BEAVERLAINE

*The new fleece-like
wool fabric
in a gold shade of brown*

Sizes 6-14.....\$12.75

Sizes 13-19..... 16.75

C. O. D.—F. O. B.—N.Y.



NOTE THE FOLLOWING POINTS

1. Beaverlaine is the fabric used in what are known as the smart-est collegiate sportcoats.
2. Each garment is carefully tailored and fitted with leather belts as shown above.
3. Fully lined with Kasha Suede.

A swatch of Beaverlaine material furnished on request.

RAYMOOR COAT COMPANY

132 W. 36th St., New York, N. Y.

Pauline Mandigo

(Continued from page 21)

a master's or doctor's degree in the hard school of newspaper experience.

Today she has her own staff of reporters through whom she dispatches news of interesting events and organizations to editors all over the country. Her official title is Vice President of the Phoenix News Publicity Bureau, Incorporated, the only incorporated news bureau managed by women that handles stories of national and international scope. It was established ten years ago by herself and her two women partners.

Let me tell you about Miss Mandigo. For some time before I met her I had heard of her through people in all kinds of work—education, politics, music, the arts; everyone who "does things" in New York always seems to know Pauline Mandigo and to say nice things about her. Yet I found her even more attractive than I had been told she was.

She is a tall young woman above middle height with brown eyes and a merry smile and shining, tawny colored hair, gold that at times looks red, which she wears smoothly parted and drawn back from her face. She has an air of friendly cordiality that makes the visitor feel welcome, even so troublesome a visitor as a magazine interviewer. But Miss Mandigo is at home with reporters and knows how to handle them. Since hers was the story I wanted, she started telling it at once.

"I was born in Greenwich, Connecticut," she said, "but I lived most of my girlhood in Albany and it is there I got my newspaper training. My father was of Spanish descent, as the name 'Mandigo' implies, but through my mother's family, the Egglestons, I come of a long stern line of hardy New England ancestors. So, when at the tender age of ten I began calmly announcing that as soon as I grew up I intended to be a newspaper reporter, my parents were electrified.

"All this, you must remember, was when the century was younger, while many people were still shouting 'Woman's place is in the home' and nice girls didn't have careers.

"However, none of this swerved me from the star to which I had hitched my wagon. I could scarcely wait until I finished high school so I could become a reporter. Even though he disapproved of my ambition, my father persuaded a friend who was editor of the *Albany Times Union* to give me a job on his paper. But he added in an undertone, 'Just take her on for the summer and let her get this thing off her chest. Work her so hard she'll be glad to quit and go to college in the fall.'

"It is hard enough for the inexperienced reporter to hold her job, even without previous instructions that she is to be fired if possible. For working on a newspaper, in spite of the thrills and sensations it seems to offer, is full of drudgery and rigid discipline. The reporter is primarily a good soldier who marches to the editor's orders wherever the news of the day may break. It is a game of high lights and adventure, of

Easy Way to Make Money



Hundreds of boys and girls who want extra spending money for Christmas make it in a short time selling

Christmas Greeting Cards and Folders in Box Assortments

by showing the folks of your neighborhood our marvelous Assortment of Christmas Greeting Cards. The cards are so beautiful and such good value that they sell themselves.

21 Superb XMAS CARDS and FOLDERS

Actual value \$2.80 Sells for \$1.00 Costs you 50c

Florentine, Old English, softly beautiful water color designs. Others highly embossed, engraved or with sparkling gold effects. Wonderful ribboned, parchment and deckle edged folders of costly paper. All with harmonizing envelopes in a wonderful Christmas Box. And think of it—you make 50c on each box.

If you want to make money write immediately for full particulars and free samples. WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. 46, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

Raise Money Easily for Your Troop



Thousands of Girl Scout Troops, and other Societies find it easy to raise money for their treasuries with the well-known *Bylund Plan*—selling nationally advertised candy bars direct from the factory. Nestlé's, Oh Henry, and over 70 other items to select from.



One troop says: "The *Bylund Plan* beats anything we ever tried for raising money." No capital needed to start. Liberal profits. We finance you and show you how. Write today for catalog and full particulars. Samples upon request.

BYLUND BROS., Inc.
Woolworth Bldg., Dept. AG., New York, N. Y.

IT'S EASY TO RAISE MONEY for Girl Scout Activities

with
"THE OSBORNE BENEFIT PLAN"
An Original, Copyrighted Money-Raising Stunt for Girl Scout Troops.

WRITE FOR
LARGE ILLUSTRATED FOLDER
Free Souvenir mailed to all Girl Scout Leaders giving Name and Number of Troop.

THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY COMPANY
Lock Drawer G Camden, New York

COULD YOUR TROOP USE 50 DOLLARS

MAKE IT BY OUR PLAN

Write THOS. GILL SOAP CO.
711 Kent Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOYS & GIRLS Earn Xmas Money

Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. No Work—Just Fun.

We trust you—until Christmas—if necessary.
St. NICHOLAS SEAL CO.

Dept. 108-A.G. Brooklyn, N. Y.

If your subscription has lapsed, be sure to renew in time for November—

stout hearts and aching feet, with meager remuneration in the pay envelope at the end of the week. It means hard work, fighting for the honor of a front page story and against the terror of being scooped by a rival newspaper.

"I was seventeen with my hair in a braid when I reported for my first assignment. It was to cover a woman's club meeting. When I laid my story, carefully hand-written, on the city editor's desk, he thundered at me:

"We can't accept copy in long hand; everything must be typed!"

"Well, I had never put my fingers on a typewriter, so at first I was just plain scared, but I did some quick thinking. Here lay my first snag. I seized my hat, rushed round the corner to a friend who was a typist and explained my problem.

"She said, 'Don't worry; I'll type your copy for a few days until you learn to use a typewriter.'"

"Meanwhile, faithful to my father's instructions, the editor worked me hard. He sent me to far places at strange hours and on stories that seemed dull, with no apparent news value. But however hard he worked me, I never let him hear me groan.

"I was repaid for everything when one day he said to my father:

"It's no use to try to fire her. She does everything I ask of her. She's good and I'd like to keep her on. She has a wonderful nose for news."

"So, because I chanced to be born with a nose for news, I didn't go to college in the fall.

"At the time I was rushing round as little girl reporter, the women of New York state were fighting for the franchise. I was thrown into the fight. From nineteen hundred and fifteen to nineteen hundred and seventeen (when the franchise came about) I covered that remarkable, thrilling campaign, led by such outstanding women as Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, pioneers of woman suffrage. I reported the progress of the campaign in the Senate Chamber—and I was the first woman reporter to have a job of that kind."

"But what was the step that brought you into publicity work?" I asked.

"Well, of course, I'd been crazy to get to France ever since the war began, but the suffrage campaign was scarcely over when the armistice was signed. By that time I had met my two partners, Miss Chisholm and Mrs. Heed, fellow reporters, both of them. Among us we had established such valuable contacts among people and organizations who were doing clever, important things that we decided to form our own publicity bureau and broadcast news of their happenings.

"Political, civic, educational and social welfare organizations now engage us by the year or for a particular campaign. It becomes our job to see that every bit of news about them reaches the press in proper form and at the proper time. We are not press agents; we are in reality only private reporters, and editors welcome our services because often it would be impossible or impracticable for them to cover the activities of an organization as carefully or as fully as

(Continued on page 48)

They're Different—
worth many times
more than ordinary
skates. Price, \$4 pr.
—no lower. At your
dealer—or order di-
rect from us enclos-
ing price. Accept
no substitutes.



BEAT THE REST

**Speed Up, Go Faster and Easier,
Stop Quicker With "4-Wheel
Brakes." These Skates Grip the
Pavement—They are
SAFE and SURE.**

**If
You
Like
Skates
with Steel
Wheels In-
stead of
Rubber, Then
Get These New
DOUBLE-TREAD
TRIPLE-WARE
SKATES**



ROLL ON Rubber~
Not only are these new rubber tire "Chicago" wheels speedy, but they last three or four times as long as ordinary steel wheels; we've proved it with long tests with boys skating on rough pavements. No wonder Alex Peyton only used one pair of "Chicago" skates with three new sets of wheels on the long skating trip from Chicago to Miami, Florida—2400 miles. No wonder "Chicagos" won 1st, 2nd and 3rd places in the first 6-Day International Roller Race. That's the kind of skates you want—championship skates.

Get FREE Gold Finish Club Pin

Join the "Roll on Rubber Club."

Get beautiful Skate Pin, shown

herewith, Membership Certificate

and booklet, "How to Roller

Skate." Send dealer's name and

10c to cover postage.

Chicago Roller Skate Company

Established Over 20 Years

4403 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

For HEALTH'S Sake

Roller Skate



"CHICAGO"

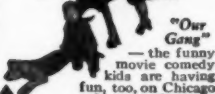
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Rubber Tire Roller Skates

"Speed Without Noise"

Fast and silent like a fine motor car—that's the way you go on "Chicago's" with their special rubber tires and wonderful ball bearings.

Not only are these new rubber tire "Chicago" wheels speedy, but they last three or four times as long as ordinary steel wheels; we've proved it with long tests with boys skating on rough pavements. No wonder Alex Peyton only used one pair of "Chicago" skates with three new sets of wheels on the long skating trip from Chicago to Miami, Florida—2400 miles. No wonder "Chicagos" won 1st, 2nd and 3rd places in the first 6-Day International Roller Race. That's the kind of skates you want—championship skates.



**"How to
Roller
Skate"**

tells how to get started right, how to skate correctly, how to start in races, how to play roller skate games. Send for it along with the Club Pin above.



**A New
Whistle
for
Leaders
and
Girl Scouts**



Use it to play games—
To learn signaling—
To give your patrol call—
It is stamped with the Girl Scout
Insignia, and has a sweet clear tone.

35 cents.

Equipment Department
GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
670 Lexington Ave.
New York, N. Y.



FREE! Plans for your HALLOWEEN Party

New invitations, decorations, costumes, games, stunts, prizes! All the plans for a gala party with which to surprise your friends. It's something new from Dennison's, and it's free!

And remember that no matter what kind of party you are planning, a gay evening at home, an afternoon children's party, a festival for your church or club or school, you can get everything to make it a big success—crepe paper, decorations, place cards, novelties—at your local store where Dennison goods are sold.

But send this coupon now for special plans for your Halloween party. And why not the Halloween Number of the Party Magazine at the same time—it's only 25c. Also the Dennison book of Crepe Paper Costumes—10c.

DENNISON'S, Dept. 27-K
Framingham, Mass.

Please send free, plans for our Halloween Party.

Name _____

Street or R.F.D. _____

City _____ State _____

To get the Party Magazine (Halloween Number) enclose 25c and check here _____

Why not let us include some of these famous Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

..... Crepe Paper Costumes Table Decorations

..... Children's Parties Crepe Paper Flowers

..... Money Making Parties Staling Wax Crafts

..... Showers & Announcements Waiting with Nets

..... Decorating Halls & Rooms The Party Book (\$1.00)

..... Complete Home Course in Crepe Paper Flower Making \$2.00

..... Course in Arts and Crafts for Home Decorations \$2.00

Dennison's

It will be an especially big issue with loads of stories and features



"Never a Dull Moment"

At parties, on hikes or at camp the Vagabond Portable provides entertainment for all. Liven up your troop room with a Vagabond Portable Radio. Special discount to Girl Scout Captains.

For descriptive booklet and further information write:

VAGA MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
720-726 Atlantic Avenue Brooklyn, New York

Vagabond

Portable Radio

Philadelphia
Your Choice Should Be
The

HOTEL MAJESTIC
BROAD ST. AND GIRARD AVE.

400 Large Rooms

Only Hotel in Philadelphia with a subway entrance from main lobby.

Most Moderate Rates!

Single Room, running water.....\$2.00
For two.....\$3.50
Single Room, private bath.....\$3.00
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Garage Connected with Hotel

Wire at our expense for Reservations

JNO. C. GOSSLER, Mgr. Dir.



FANCY LEATHERS
for Craft Workers

A 3-cent stamp brings you samples

Sold by the half or whole
skin and cut to measure.

Tools and Designs, Snap Fasteners to Match Leathers, Sphinx Paste, Lacing Punches

W. A. HALL

250 Devonshire St.

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RINGS & PINS

This "American Eagle" Sterling Silver Ring with your School Emblem on it, \$1. Pin to match (with guard pin) \$1. Other pins 35c up. Send for catalog.
C. K. GROUSE CO., 25 Bruce Ave., North Attleboro, Mass.

Thousands of **New Words** are included in **WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY** such as aerograph, broad-tail, Bahaim, paragoness, Sandburg, Latvia, etc. Constantly improved and kept up to date. Contains 402,000 Entries, 2700 Pages, 6000 Illustrations. Regular and India Paper Editions. Write for specimen pages, prices, etc., FREE Sample Pages if you name this paper.
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Including: Leatherwork, Beadwork, Basketry, Clay Modeling, Oil Painting, Linoleum Block Printing, Metalwork, Poster Card Painting, Wood Carving, Etc. WRITE FOR CATALOG.
NATIONAL CRAFTS SUPPLY CO.
94 Lexington Ave. New York, N. Y.

FANCY LEATHERS FOR CRAFT WORKERS

A 3-cent Stamp Brings You Samples Sold by the half or whole skin and cut to measure. Also Tools, Dies, Designs.
EAGLE ART COMPANY
42 Ames St. Medford, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL ALAMAC CARDS MAKE SELLING A PLEASURE

One of the easiest and most ways to make money is to sell ALAMAC Christmas Greeting Cards. This distinctive line opens every desirable door to you. Our dollar box assortment—23 cards all with tissue lined envelopes is making big money for every conscientious worker. A marvelous opportunity for your organization to acceptable money maker. Intelligent selling plan and FREE SAMPLES start you on the road to Christmas profits.

The ALAMAC COMPANY of New York
Dept. B.F., 6 Varick St. New York

YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN Christmas Cards AT HOME
A NEW-DELIGHTFUL-INTERESTING WAY to realize profit from spare moments—requires no talent or experience. Also enables each of the family to have individual Greeting Cards—Cheerful clean fun. The complete working kit costs no more than one usually pays for Christmas cards. Write today to E. H. HARTMAN, COMPANY, 1111 N. 1st St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107. **SELL YOUR FRIENDS THIS YEAR!**



Help Plan

next year's
AMERICAN GIRL

SEND in your entry for the 1929 What-I-Wish-In-my-Magazine Contest. Find the ballot in the September issue and send THE AMERICAN GIRL one like it with all the questions answered. The contest closes October fifteenth. Enter it in time, and try for one of the prizes.

Pauline Mandigo

(Continued from page 47)

we do. And we are paid by our clients."

"But what happens to all the other girl reporters who don't go into publicity?" I asked. "Do they keep on covering murders, fires and divorce cases?"

Miss Mandigo laughed and when she laughs her whole face seems to sparkle. "Most women," she said, "find reporting not an end in itself, but rather an 'open sesame' to other lines of work. Some capitalize on their experience to become magazine writers and novelists, like Mary Synon and Kathleen Norris. Others may write newspaper copy in such colorful, vivid style that they remain reporters all their lives, choosing their own assignments. Clare Sheridan, whose stories we read in *The New York Times*, writes interviews with kings and queens and prime ministers."

"Then it isn't true that the newspaper woman must be what they call 'hard boiled'?" (I was watching Miss Mandigo and thinking how far from that she is).

"Indeed not!" was her answer. "The greatest asset any business woman can have is her femininity, and by femininity I mean that elusive thing called womanly charm. Good grooming, gentle manners, a becoming hat and frock are every bit as essential to the girl in business as to her sister in the social world."

The pleasant-voiced office secretary was interrupting us. But before I went, Miss Mandigo added another word:

"Don't forget to tell your readers," she said, "that there's plenty of room in publicity for smart young newspaper women, provided they truly like it. Of course, the first essential for success in any kind of job is to know your particular kind of work is the finest in the world. In that case you're bound to get ahead!"

New Chairs for Old

(Continued from page 19)

thoroughly. Leave them for a week or more to become dry and a yellow green.

The night before the rush is to be used, it must be dampened in order to make it pliable and not brittle to work with. This dampening is done by leaving the rush in a wet wrapping overnight.

In making the seat, one or more pieces of rush may be used, according to the degree of fineness desired in the work. Always be sure that you twist enough, which is perhaps the hardest part of all, since constant twisting tires you.

Using a long smooth twisting movement rather than a short one, twist about six inches and start work in the upper right corner of the frame, with the short ends turning down as indicated. Follow through as in the drawing, which makes the process more clear than words can describe. When it comes time to add new rushes, these are simply twisted in and the old ends are allowed to stick out on the underside to be cut later.

Most chair seats are not exactly square, so that one must complete the rushing with a figure-eight motion indicated in the second illustration. Lastly, when the seat is finished and has dried, give it two coats of shellac.

Enter "The American Girl" What-I-Wish-In-My-Magazine Contest. See page four—

Ways to Earn Money



FRESH PACK EXTRA HEAVY TISSUE WHITE - RED - GREEN

The extra heavy quality permits year round uses in the household. Packed 25 envelopes to a carton.

SELLS FOR 10c

Special offer to Girl Scout Troops. Will enable them to realize good profit on this fast selling package. Samples and particulars furnished upon request from Scout Master.

Manufactured by
WAXED PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
(Bush Terminal)
147-41st St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Could Your Scout Troop Use \$50 to \$500?

If so, write to us for information about "Brown's Christmas Book" and "Christmas Greeting Card Box Assortments." The sample Book contains 88 items all real samples of Greeting Cards and Novelties. The Box Assortments are of excellent value and are priced from 25 cents to \$1.00. This is not a new plan and thousands of organizations have, and are still using it. We allow a profit of 50%. Write at once for information.

GEORGE P. BROWN & CO.

Dept. 4 Beverly, Mass.

MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS

Sell KRINGLES the unbreakable tree ornaments—beautiful colors. Sell 60c doz.—cost 35c doz. postpaid. Money back if not satisfied. Send 35c for 1 doz. Reference, any bank in Bloomfield.

BLOOMFIELD MFG. CO.
30 Locust Ave. Bloomfield, N. J.

BOYS & GIRLS EARN XMAS MONEY FOR YOUR TROOP

Send for 30 CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. Each package containing 48 assorted Christmas Seals, Cards, Tags, etc. Sell for 10c. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.50. Or send for 30 Christmas Greeting Card packages. Each package containing 3 cards and 3 envelopes. Sell for 10c. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.50. We trust you. Send 1/2, keep 1/2.

CHRISTMAS CARD CO., DEPT. 16, BEVERLY, MASS.

Earn Christmas Dollars!

GIRL SCOUTS send for 50 sets of Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. Send us \$3.00—Keep \$2.00. We will send free gift for promptness.

N. Y. PREMIUM HOUSE
296-M Broadway, New York City

When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

KKNOWN as the "Battle of Fallen Timbers Commemorative," a new two-cent postage stamp made its appearance on September fourteenth. It has been issued as a memorial to General Anthony Wayne, and is the same size as the regular current issue. It is printed in red ink.

The design of the stamp is the statue of General Wayne in the center with the figure of an Indian on the left and a frontiersman on the right, printed in white on a dark background. A tablet below contains the legend: "General Anthony Wayne Memorial". On the extreme upper edge in a dark panel with white edges are the words, "Battle of Fallen Timbers". The ends of this panel are supported by uprights in the form of acanthus scrolls which end at the lower corners where in ovals is the number "2". Between the upper horizontal and semicircular panels are the dates "1794" and "1929". The new stamp was first placed on sale at the post offices at Toledo, Maumee, Perrysburg and Waterville, Ohio, and at Erie, Pennsylvania.

Get out your atlas and open up the pages to Canada. Over in Alberta you will find Fort McMurray, about two hundred and sixty miles northeast of Edmonton. Take a pencil and draw a line northward to Fort Chippewyan and then on into the Northwest Territories through Fort Resolution, Fort Simpson, Fort Norman up to Fort McPherson. Still farther north is a little trading post called Aklavik, where the Mackenzie River empties into the Arctic Ocean.

It's cold up there at the top of the world and from the end of October until about the middle of May, the people who live there get their mail infrequently, and then only by dog team.

In November, the Canadian Post Office Department is going to try to deliver mail by air, a great undertaking that means letters which formerly required three months to deliver will now be delivered inside of one week.

Would you like to have an air mail letter sent you on the first flight of this historical service? It would be carried on the first regular flight and can be addressed directly to your home if you wish. There will be twenty-six different cachets used by the Canadian Post Office, one at each city, and if you want any, the stamp editor is making arrangements to send readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL as many first flight covers as they want at twenty cents each.

As foretold last month, air mail routes to Central and South America are fast being extended. The present route, from Miami to Porto Rico, will be extended from San Juan, through the Virgin Islands, Trinidad and British Guiana to Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana. It is expected that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh will pilot the first mail plane. If this is so, we will have another set of "Lindbergh covers" to add to our interesting and treasured collections.



Dead Country Packet

Contains 18 all different countries which no longer issue stamps. Entries, Ingermanland, Crete, Prussia, White Russia, Victoria, New South Wales, Western Australia, Queensland, former German Colonies and many others. This packet of stamps from obsolete countries for only 10c to approval applicants.

DE KALB STAMP CO.
Box 80 Garrett, Ind.

ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c

Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prower) value of forty million dollars (interesting); perforation gauge and mm. scale; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Transvaal, Malay, Dutch Indies, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants. Nice pocket stockbook, val. \$2c with every order. **ANCHER STAMP CO., Box 126, Rutherford, N. J.**

FREE! LARGEST STAMP IN THE WORLD

Fine packet 66 different stamps from Cape Verde, Jamaica, Mosambique, Syria, etc., including drying soldier, beautiful women, ships, maps, aviators, airplanes, acrobats, and animal stamps for only 1c to approval applicants. Largest Stamp in the World (Hare China Wild Goose Special Delivery), given absolutely free with each order. **UPPLY LIMITED—SEND YOURS TODAY**
WESTERN PHILATELISTS, 6021 Harper Ave., H10 CHICAGO

THE MAP PACKET

contains 10 different Map Stamps from the two Hemispheres. Also a packet of different stamps with animals, birds, ships and scenery to approval applicants, all for a dime.

S. E. SAXE, 1427 N. 58th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ABYSSINIA! ALBANIA! ARMENIA!

Also Chad, Cameroun, Congo, Gabon, Tunis, Ubangi, Transvaal, Indo-China, etc., etc. All of these "hard-to-get" countries and many others are contained in my Wonder Packet of 55 different stamps given FREE to Approval Applicants only, including 4c for postage. **Richard Lamprecht, 811 Napoleon St., Valparaiso, Ind.**

80 STAMPS

12c Zanzibar, Sudan, Curacao, Morocco, Uruguay, etc. 40 British 18c, 50 Colonials 12c, 25 Asia 10c, 10 Slam 12c, 15 China 8c, Brooks & Edwards, Hillside, Hilbury Road, Wiveston, Eng.

STAMPS FREE 12 large, showy picture stamps, also 12 different British Colonies with a request for my popular approvals at 50% discount. None better. Postage, 2c.

A. BAUER Palmyra, N. J.

600 different stamps \$5.50; 1,100, \$1; 2,000, \$3.50. Largest 5 and 10c list in America.
Fred Onken, 630 79th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

150 GOOD MIXED FOREIGN STAMPS, 3c. ELVIN STANTON, Niantic, Conn.

PREMIUM FREE To those sending for my bargain Price List. Satisfaction guaranteed. **WILLIAM J. GRANT, 6317—18th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

101 Stamps FREE! With APPROVALS. Postage 2c 500 diff. 75c. 1000 diff. 75c. 2000 diff. \$2.75 **JOHNSON STAMP CO. (AG) Jamestown, N. Y.**

Approval Sheets 50% Discount. Sent Anywhere American Girl Goes. **Frederick B. Driver, 1430 So. Penn Square, Phila., Pa.**

25 Different Airmail Stamps and 6 Malay Tigers for 25c; 9 Nyassa Triangle Stamps (beauties) for only 30c. Weber's Stamp Shoppe, 1377 Park Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

Free—20 different African Stamps—Approvals—40 to 80% discount. Atlantic Stamp Co., 68 Garden Street, Springfield, Mass.

CONFEDERATE ASSAY 5c to approval applicants. Palapso Stamp Co., Dept. 4, 3110 Ferndale Ave., Baltimore, Md.

107 All Diff. Stamps given free to Approval App.; 3c postage. **Paige Stamp Co., Oak Park, Ill.**

FREE 100 STAMPS to new subscribers at 25c a yr. **PACIFIC STAMP NEWS, Piedmont, Calif.**

A SURPRISE PACKAGE OF STAMPS for 10c Emanuel Brooks, 2502 E. 21st Street, Brooklyn, New York

10 Days Trial
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Or send in a ballot like the one in the September issue

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OUR PUZZLE PACK



Midnight Magic

Who-o-o-o-o! Sorcery and witchcraft, bats and black cats, spooks and goblins are the order of the day, or, more correctly speaking, night. It is Hallowe'en and even our puzzle smacks of midnight magic.

Whatever the witches are cooking up in that big caldron of theirs seems to be influenced by the mystic letters inscribed on the outside. In fact they have a most planetary influence, inasmuch as seven of the principal planets are represented by these letters. If you move, as the king in chess, to an adjoining square in any direction, you can spell out these seven names.

The other witch holds what appears to be the recipe of their mysterious brew, but this is really not the case. If we take the fraction of the words as indicated and form the word that is the answer, we will discover that it is the name of a well known play by Shakespeare wherein witches play an important part.

An Enigma

I am a well known proverb of Benjamin Franklin's. I contain thirty letters.

My 5, 8, 14, 11, 16, 15, is a current of liquid.

My 1, 29, 25, 20, 28, 26, 19, is a famous water-fall.

My 6, 3, 18, 10, 2, is a view.

My 17, 7, 12, 4, is to plunge.

My 13, 24, 21, 30, 9, is black wood.

My 23, 22, 27, is an animal.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. Manual skill
2. To allude
3. On fire
4. Passage across a river
5. Cards having three spots

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, transform a MULE into a GOAT in six moves.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

Why is the moon called silvery?

Transposition

Fill in the blank spaces in the following sentence with the correct words, using the same five letters each time in different arrangement.

"He wrote on his that he did not anything, of all, bread."

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, six new words will be formed. The six added letters will spell the name of an ancient Roman god.

1. Ague
2. Sage
3. East
4. Rest
5. Void
6. Ever

A Biblical Puzzle

The name of a Bible character is concealed in each of the following sentences.

1. Mounted on a fiery steed, he rode into the camp.
2. He ate the food with relish and drank the wine that was provided.
3. When she reached San José, Phyllis met her aunt.
4. The Arab rammed his spear into the ground.
5. In order to reach the sedan, I elbowed my way through the crowd.
6. Standing on the step, Henry waved goodbye to his mother.

MARION L. WHITE,
 North Bennington, Vermont

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

THE CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY: Puzzle Sum: Lion— one + thumb — B + ear — bear + anchor — D — chord + six — sx + and — nd = LITHUANIA Word diamond: PACIFIC.

ENIGMA: "A word to the wise is enough."

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

N O V E L
 O P I N E
 V I S T A
 E N T E R
 L E A R N

WORD JUMPING: Fish, wish, wise, wire, wore, word, wood, food, fool, fowl.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: Because it is a pastime. Add A LETTER: The seven added letters spell DAHOMEY.

PUZZLE PI: A diller, a dollar, A ten o'clock scholar, What makes you come so soon? You used to come at ten o'clock, But now you come at noon.

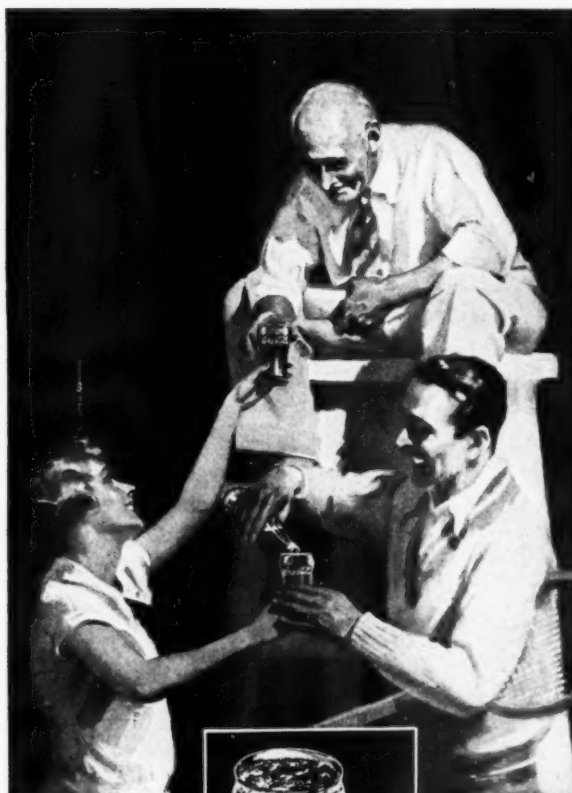
Look on the back of the front cover and read about our new big prize contest

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